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CENTENARY PICTORIAL ALBUM



CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF METHODISM
in the State of Maryland

BY

George C.M.Roberts, M.D.D.D., Baltimore.

Printed by J. W. Woods 1866.

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P R E F A C E.

IN preparing this work for publication, the author has no intention of writing a history of Methodism in the State of Maryland. This would require more time than he has at command to allot to it, and much more ability than he possesses. Maryland to us is classic ground. Here Methodism had its origin in 1760, simultaneously with New York. Here Strawbridge lived and labored extensively at that early period, when men's souls were tried greatly in the pursuit of the object they had in view, viz. the salvation of the people. The Church in these latter days of her triumphs, has almost entirely neglected to yield him the credit that was his due, legitimately, in giving rise in this country to what Wesley and those cotemporaneous with him originated in the old world. In so far as we, his sons and descendants are concerned, we are disposed no longer to remain silent. Whilst we are perfectly willing to give to others what is due them, and in some particulars more than their friends themselves claim for them, at the same time we maintain the right of Strawbridge in full as being among the *very first*, and perfectly coeval with them, in originating in this country, in the providence of God, this heaven-born system. There are others yet spared to us, who, if rumor be correct, will yet give to the world what they know on this subject. We have not been disposed in this work to do more than appears on the face of it. The object of the author is simply to give the facts stated such prominence as will render them worthy of preservation, and of being handed down to our children's children. Of the individuals named, he has been desirous of stating, not so much what is known generally, as what has never been brought to light concerning them. So also of the several places designated.

These men have literally been pioneers in their spheres in the great work that has spread over these lands, and brought to thousands of hearts on earth and thousands in heaven

All that can be gathered of them should be done before it is lost to the church and world in entire oblivion, by the death of those having cognizance of the facts.

The plates with which it is embellished have all been prepared through the very valuable assistance of Mr. Thomas C. Ruckle, an eminent artist of Baltimore, without which this work would not have appeared in its present form. They have been mostly obtained under my own supervision, and chiefly by visiting the spots in company with Mr. R.

The portrait of the Rev. Robert Strawbridge was taken from the personal recollection of him by a warm and intimate friend, who has long since entered into rest.

That of the late Dr. Roberts was prepared from the recollection of the artist of him, after many years, and is a most excellent one.

The view of Lovely Lane Church, in the city of Baltimore, is not from the actual observation of any now living. All those who were familiar with its appearance have, like the structure itself, passed for ever away. We have been enabled to furnish it from the recollection of what is known by some still living, who gathered their information from their forefathers.

The work is committed to the press with the earnest prayer that it may be the means of doing good to those who are living, as well as those who are yet unborn.

Hereafter, let the names of Embury and Strawbridge be associated together, and alike honored as they should be as instruments in the hands of the Divine Being—the one in New York, and the other in Maryland—in giving origin to the work which, at the present, is so widely diffused throughout the country. Being local preachers, their brethren in this land should unite, in some measure, that will perpetuate their memory. And we trust such measures will be taken by the National Association of Local Preachers, at its ensuing Convention, as will effectually secure this object.

The author is indebted to Mrs. Georgianna H. McLeod, of Baltimore, for the poetical effusions which precede the several articles, and to those individuals who assisted him most materially by transcribing his almost illegible manuscripts, and preparing them for the press.

G. C. M. R.

BALTIMORE, *July* 13, 1866.

A Centenary Ode.

From Albion's isle across the sea,
A hundred changeful years gone by,
This, our fair land her port to be,
With sails all set a ship drew nigh,
A band of Wesleyans she bore,
Rare seed upon this Western shore
They sowed, "a hundred years gone by."

In Jesus' name the work was done,
With prayer, that what was thus begun,
Beneath God's smile might grow,
And be to children's children blest,
When they were gathered to their rest,
Who worked, "a hundred years ago."

It sprang to light a timid flower,
Nurtured 'mid storms, by sun and shower,
No earth blight could it know—
And "Methodism" was its name,
A mark full oft for scorn and shame,
It seemed, "a hundred years ago."

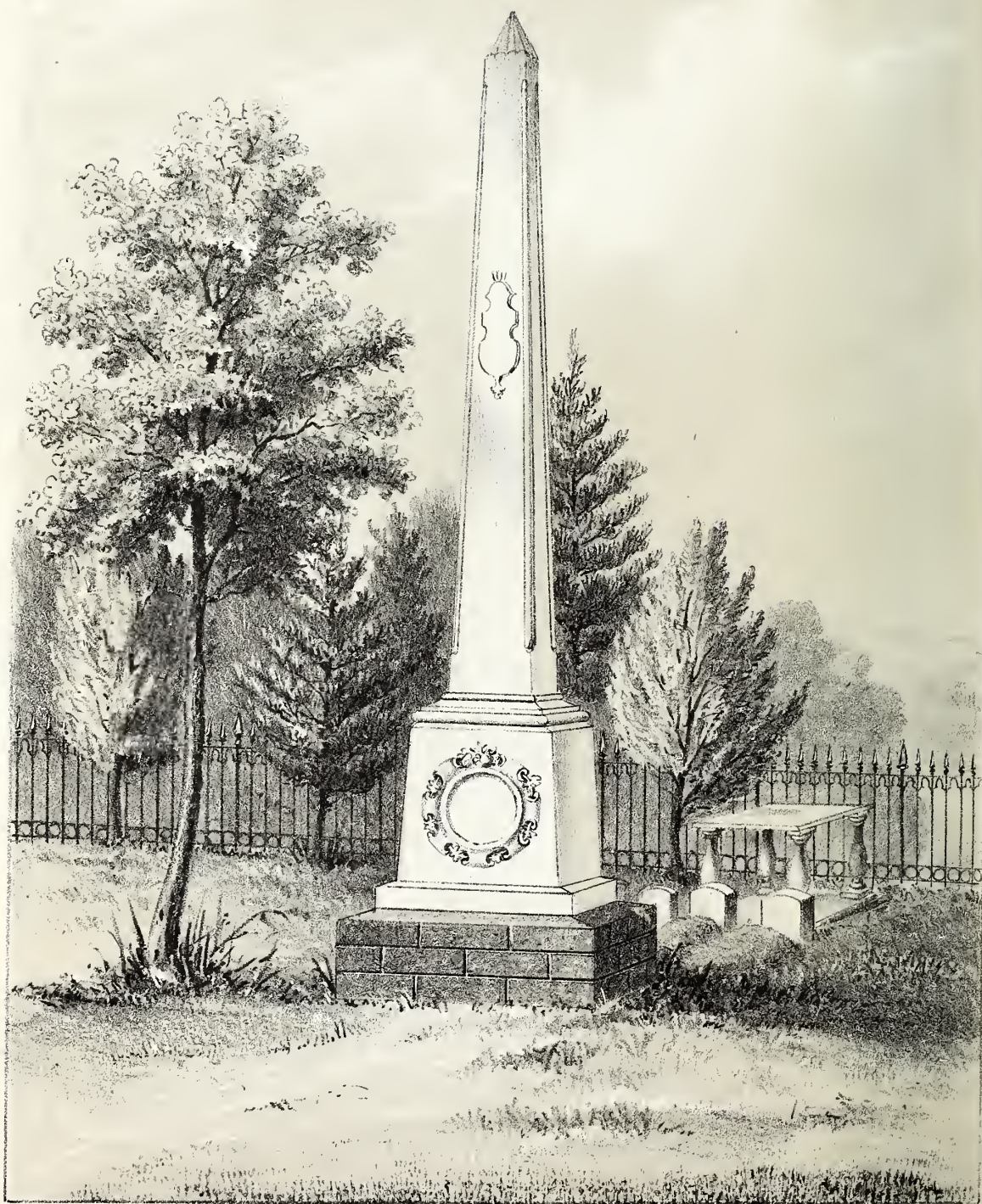
'Twas trampled on and oft reviled,
But meekly like the undefiled,

It raised the head laid low,
And shed its fragrance all around,
On lowly or on lofty ground,
"A hundred changeful years ago."

It grew in beauty and in grace,
And springing up in some new place,
Transplanted by some faithful hand
For God, as witness pure to stand,
It grew, "a hundred years ago."

First came the buds, then the fair flower,
Now like to forest trees they tower,
Sheltered by them, new plants will grow,
Their branches spread from land to land,
Fruit of the seed, our fathers' hand
Scattered, "a hundred years ago."

Father Almighty, source of good,
Teach us to praise thee as we should,
No will but thine to know,
That with people we may stand,
All crowned with those at thy right hand,
Who slept "a hundred years ago."



T. C. Ruckle

THE BISHOP'S MONUMENT
Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Lith. by A. Hoeft & Co. Balto

The Bishops' Monument.

We know that they are happy now,
In the light of the spirit world,
And the holy banner of love and peace,
O'er each white robed form's unfurled.
They are happy now, earth's ransomed ones,
And on the "shining shore;"
Their home is in their father's house,
They are ours—they are ours, no more !

In Memory of

REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

REV. ENOCH GEORGE,

REV. JOHN EMORY, D. D.

REV. BEVERLY WAUGH, D. D.

BISHOPS OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

On the north side of the base is the inscription to Bishops ASBURY and GEORGE, as follows :

REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

BORN IN ENGLAND, AUGUST 20, 1745; ENTERED THE MINISTRY AT THE AGE OF 17; CAME A MISSIONARY TO AMERICA, 1774;
ORDAINED BISHOP IN BALTIMORE, DEC. 27, 1784; ANNUALLY VISITED THE CONFERENCES IN THE UNITED
STATES; WITH MUCH ZEAL CONTINUED TO PREACH THE WORD FOR MORE THAN
HALF A CENTURY, AND ENDED HIS LABORS WITH HIS LIFE,
NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA., IN THE FULL
TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

March 31, 1816, Ætatis 71.

HIS REMAINS WERE DEPOSITED IN THE VAULT OF THE EUTAW STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, MAY 10, 1816, BY
THE GENERAL CONFERENCE, THEN IN SESSION; AND REMOVED TO THIS SPOT JUNE 16, 1854.

HIS JOURNALS WILL EXHIBIT TO POSTERITY HIS LABORS
AND SUFFERINGS—HIS LOVE TO
GOD AND MAN.

REV. ENOCH GEORGE,

BORN IN LANCASTER COUNTY, VA., IN 1747 OR 1748, ADMITTED INTO THE ITINERANT CONNECTION 1790, AND FULFILLED HIS MINISTRY TO THE END. AT THE GENERAL CONFERENCE HELD IN BALTIMORE, MAY, 1816, WAS ELECTED AND ORDAINED BISHOP; DIED AT STAUNTON, VA., AUGUST 23, 1828, IN THE PEACE AND TRIUMPH OF GOSPEL FAITH, AND WITH HIS LATEST BREATH GIVING "GLORY TO GOD." HIS REMAINS WERE REMOVED TO THIS SPOT JUNE 16, 1854. A MAN OF DEEP PIETY, OF GREAT SIMPLICITY OF MANNERS; A VERY PATHETIC, POWERFUL AND SUCCESSFUL PREACHER, GREATLY BELOVED IN LIFE, AND EXTENSIVELY LAMENTED IN DEATH. "A FAITHFUL MAN AND FEARED GOD ABOVE MANY." NEH. VII, 2.

On the south side appears those to Bishops EMORY and WAUGH.

REV. JOHN EMORY, D. D.

BORN APRIL 12, 1789, EASTERN SHORE OF MARYLAND; THROWN FROM HIS CARRIAGE ON THE MORNING OF DEC. 16, 1835, AND DIED ON THE EVENING OF THE SAME DAY. AGED 46 YEARS, 8 MONTHS AND 4 DAYS. HE WAS CONVERTED TO GOD IN THE 17TH YEAR OF HIS AGE, BEING AT THE TIME A STUDENT OF LAW; ENTERED THE ITINERANT MINISTRY, 1810; IN 1820 WENT AS A REPRESENTATIVE TO THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE IN GREAT BRITAIN; IN 1824 WAS ELECTED ASSISTANT EDITOR OF THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN IN NEW YORK; EDITOR IN 1828; ELECTED AND ORDAINED BISHOP IN 1832. DISTINGUISHED ALIKE FOR HIS GREAT TALENTS, HIS PIETY AND USEFULNESS. HE WAS THUS PREMATURELY CUT DOWN IN THE MYSTERIOUS DISPENSATION OF AN ALL-WISE PROVIDENCE.

REV. BEVERLY WAUGH, D. D.

BORN IN FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 25, 1789; ENTERED THE MINISTRY IN THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE 1809; BOOK AGENT 1828—1836; CHOSEN AND SET APART BISHOP 1836; SENIOR SUPERINTENDENT 1852—1858; DIED FEBRUARY 9, 1858. HE WAS TRUE TO EVERY TRUST COMMITTED TO HIM BY THE CHURCH; IN HER PULPITS, EARNEST AND EFFECTIVE; AS HER BOOK AGENT, ACCURATE AND LABORIOUS; AS HER CHIEF MINISTER, DIGNIFIED, WISE, AND WITHOUT PARTIALITY. HIS REMAINS LIE A FEW FEET SOUTH OF THIS SPOT.

Immediately in the rear of the monument is the grave of Bishop Asbury. On the north side of him lie the remains of Bishop George. On the south side of Bishop Asbury is buried Bishop Emory, who so tragically came to his end by being thrown from his carriage on the Reisterstown road, on December 16th, 1835, when on his way to Baltimore on business connected with the Church.

Bishop Waugh, at the request of his late widow, is buried a few feet south of Bishop Emory. The graves are all neatly finished with large foot-stones, bearing the names of the Bishops.

Immediately to the north of Bishop George is buried the Rev. Henry Smith, of Pilgrim's Rest, who, at the time of his death, was the oldest itinerant preacher living. He had sustained the superannuated relation to the Conference many years prior to his death.

The trustees of the Baltimore City Station have thus done for the remains of these noble men of God what they could; long may this memorial of their value to the Church and the estimate in which their memories are held remain to perpetuate their names, their labors and their virtues. "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*"



T. C. Ruckle

Engr. by A. Hoey & Co. Galva.

BISHOP ASBURY

Bishop Asbury.

How beautiful comes back his life now before us,
Adorning the doctrines of Jesus for aye,
With Him at His coming we'll seek thine appearing,
Arrayed in His glory, enthroned upon high.
There midst the host who had past on before thee,
Thou art singing the praise of the Lord of the sky,
While our voices feebly the soft anthems are swelling,
To Him who hath loved us and gone up on high!

Mrs. Asbury.

Oh mother of the good and great,
Illustrious as a crowned queen,
Thy name with woman's graces sweet,
Upon Fame's records still is seen.
Mother of him whose virtues live,
And must, thro' long years yet to come,
Let every mother seek to gain
Such honor thro' an honored son,
No prouder name than ASBURY'S
By knightly deeds was ever won.

Rev. Francis Asbury

WAS born in England, near Hampstead Bridge, in the parish of Handsworth, near Birmingham, in Staffordshire, on the 20th August, 1745. His parents were in common life, remarkable for their industry and honesty. In so far as this world is concerned, they were well to do, and were possessed of a sufficiency of things necessary to comfort in this life. They had but two children, the eldest of whom, Sarah Asbury, died in her childhood, and consequently Francis was left, an only child. After spending about nine years in the local and itinerant ministry in England, he volunteered to come to America as a missionary.

He landed at Philadelphia, on the 27th October, 1771, and immediately entered upon his work. At what is commonly called the Christmas Conference, of 1784, he was elected Bishop, and ordained by Dr. Thos. Coke, who was deputed by Mr. Wesley to come to America for the purpose of organizing the Church. His course, from that to the end of life, was ever onward, constantly traveling from one end of the country to the other in the prosecution of his arduous labors. During his ministry, it is computed, that he preached at least 18,000 sermons, presided at more than 200 conferences, traveled about 150,000 miles, and ordained more ministers than any other man ever did.

He possessed good natural abilities, which he had cultivated extensively. He read the Holy Scriptures in the original languages, and was acquainted with several branches of polite learning, which, however, he appeared to conceal studiously.

By his long, deep and uniform piety he secured the esteem and confidence of the people generally. He possessed a zeal and diligence that few in his day possessed, and none ever exceeded. For half a century did this extraordinary man travel over this vast continent, in the heat of summer and the extreme cold of winter. Though contending with infirmities and sickness, his zeal knew no bounds, and led him to travel and preach until he had to be carried to the pulpit, but a few days prior to his dissolution. He literally ceased at once to work and live, and stepped from the scene of his continued af-

fiction and toil to his reward in Heaven, where the "weary are forever at rest." There doubtless, his happy spirit was greeted by his sainted father and mother, and welcomed by the tens of thousands of the heavenly hierarchy.

He preached his last discourse in Richmond, Va., in the Old Methodist Church, at 3 o'clock, on Sabbath, March 24th, 1816, from Rom. ix, 28. "For he will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness: Because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth." A fit and appropriate text wherewith to close up his ministry upon earth. He spake with much feeling for nearly an hour. He was taken back to the carriage from the pulpit, as he had been carried from it to the pulpit, and finally to his lodgings.

On Tuesday he left Richmond for Fredericksburg, Va., going by the residence of his old and esteemed friend, Mr. George Arnold. The weather proved exceedingly inclement, and wholly unfit for traveling. He stopped with Mr. Arnold, and there, in the bosom of his family, he closed his long and eventful life on the Sabbath following. On the Sabbath of his death, he requested that the family should be called together; when the Rev. J. W. Bond, his traveling companion, discoursed in the room of the dying man from the twenty-first chapter of the book of Revelations. Throughout the delivery of the discourse he appeared deeply engaged. Soon after, he began to fail; drink was offered him, but he could not swallow it, having lost the power of deglutition; this was very speedily succeeded by the loss of speech. Observing the distress of Mr. Bond, as well as the whole family that were present, he raised his hand and looked upon them with a smile. He was asked if he felt the Lord Jesus to be precious to his soul? in token of the final victory through the blood of the Lamb; he raised both his hands, and soon fell asleep in Jesus. This occurred on Sabbath, 31st of March, 1816. He died sitting in his chair, with his head leaning on the hand of Bro. Bond, and in the 71st year of his age. Thus passed away the Rev. Francis Asbury. God took him, for the world was not worthy of him. We shall never look upon his like again.

Portrait of Bishop Asbury.

The circumstances under which the Bishop was induced to sit for this, the first portrait that was ever taken of him, were singular in a remarkable degree. The manner in which his scruples were overcome, strongly indicate the character of the man. Whatever afflicted his brethren in the ministry afflicted him. His mind was always on the alert for their accommodation in everything lawful. After one of his Southern tours, he came to Baltimore and put up with James McCannon, a merchant tailor of this city, who was a

warm-hearted and zealous member of the church. One day on coming home from Conference, Mr. Asbury said to Mr. McC., "James, I am in trouble about my boys, (as he familiarly called the preachers,) who are sadly in need of some clothes, and I know not how they can get them." Mr. McC. said, in reply, "Mr. Asbury, I have just received a piece of good velvet, from which I will consent to make each of your boys a vest, provided you will promise me to do what I wish greatly to be done." "Well, James, what is it you wish me to do?" "That," replied Mr. McC., "I cannot tell you before you have given me your promise to do what I wish." Mr. Asbury answered, "That I cannot consent to do. It is too hard a bargain for me to make. Your views and mine on the subject might be at variance. If you tell me what it is, and I can consistently do it, I will then promise you it shall be done."

Mr. McCannon, who well knew the man, thought if he did not insist upon keeping the ground he had taken, he would fail altogether of attaining the object he had in view, said to him, "Well, Bishop, if you are unwilling to trust me in the matter, there must be an end of it, I cannot consent to do it." There the conversation ended for the time being.

Some days after, Mr. Asbury, who had been deeply pondering in his mind the subject, said to him, "James, I have been thinking much of the proposition you made me some short time since. I have come to the conclusion you would not, as a good man, require of me anything unreasonable, and which I could not conscientiously do. Therefore, in that view of the case, I will say to you now, that I am ready to fall in with your wishes, and do what you may request me to do."

Mr. McCannon found he had the thing in his own hands, and said to him, "Mr. Asbury as you have promised to do what I required of you, I will certainly fulfil my part of the obligation. I wish you at the first moment which you can devote to it to go with me to an artist, and have your portrait taken at my expense. Your boys shall have the vests." Mr. Asbury was surprised at this announcement, but yielded his assent to it, and these were the circumstances which gave origin to the first picture taken of him.

The reader will observe that he is represented as being dressed in blue. It was his favorite color, because of some supposed comfort that it afforded him from the extreme heat to which he was exposed on passing through the South. The suit was made of blue Virginia cloth, that had been given to him as he passed through that commonwealth, on his way to Baltimore, and was woven for him by the fair hands of Virginia's daughters.

The picture had become lost to the church for a great number of years. After a most earnest search for it, I providentially fell on its track and eventually found it. It was in the possession of a descendant of the old family servant of Mr. McCannon. I could never

Elizabeth Asbury.

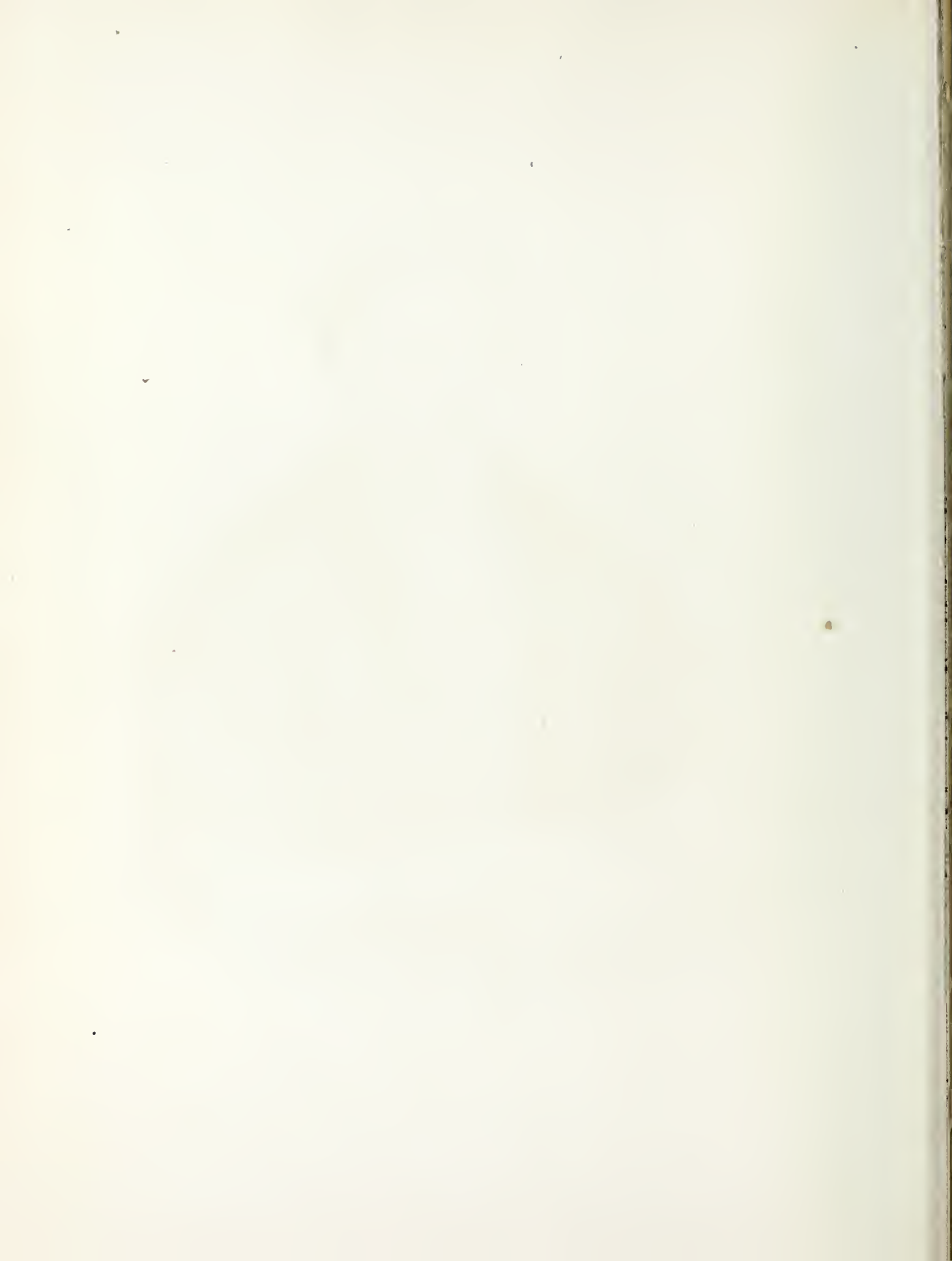
Mrs. ASBURY was descended paternally from a Welsh family by the name of Rogers. Her family was an ancient one, and very highly respectable. Of her early history, nothing is known to us, nor is the time and circumstances connected with her marriage to Mr. Asbury. She lived out of Christ, and was given up to the world until it pleased the Lord to afflict her seriously by taking away the eldest of the only two children she had. She was called Sarah Asbury, and was taken from this world in very early life. Her mother was deeply afflicted by the trouble which had thus overtaken her; she sighed and wept sorely on account of the death of this, her only daughter, and refused to be comforted. She often spoke of the sweetness of her temper, and the loveliness of the child, and in her suffering grief was led to weigh well her sad bereavement. The spirit of God used this event as an instrument in his hands of her awakening, and finally her pardon, through faith in the merit of Christ Jesus, her Saviour. When under awakenings, and as a wretched sinner, she sought the society of those who could instruct her in the things of God and point out to her the way of life. Alas! in those days, such persons were but few and far between, and consequently she spent much of her time in reading the word of God and in praying. Indeed, she formed a taste for the Bible which she never lost, and which made that her constant companion through all her days, and was the means of making her so conspicuous for the study of it in all her after life. Such a course on her part finally led her to the feet of Jesus, where she found pardon and peace to her soul. After this the whole current of her life was changed, and she became noted for her piety. For fifty years she devoted herself with untiring industry to the promotion of Christ's kingdom in the earth. Her hands, her heart and her house were open to receive and entertain the servants of the Most High. Frequently beneath her roof did the weary itinerant find repose, and strengthened thereby would go forth again to proclaim the "*unsearchable riches of Christ*" to a world of sinners. In this and other ways was she used by the Head of the Church in a great work of Divine Grace in Great Barre, noted for its darkness and sinfulness, perhaps more so than any other part of Great Britain.



T. C. Ruckle.

Engr. by A. Hoehn & Co. Boston.

ELIZABETH ASBURY
Aged 87 years, Mother of Dr. Francis Asbury.



Although she was subject to great bodily affliction, she was nevertheless very active, the powers of both body and mind were consecrated alike to God. Her mind was very masculine in its character, and not unfrequently displayed itself in this and kindred traits to those around her. By this was she lead to train for extreme usefulness in this new world, her noble son—giving him to this work as none but such a Christian mother could. So genially did all the elements of a true Christian shine conspicuously in her, that she was always ready to “weep with those who wept,” and mingle her kindest sympathies with the stricken ones of earth. Greatly was her heart gladdened at the return of sinners to the Saviour of mankind. More would she rejoice over such than if she had won great spoils.

As a woman, she was remarkably chaste, and of most modest demeanor, and indeed unblamable in her character. As a mother, she was affectionately kind, and well suited to bring up her son in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. As a mother in Israel, few, very few, exceeded her in a holy walk before the world around her. She seemed always ready to bestow her personal labors in the support and spread of that Gospel which had brought peace and salvation to her own soul. So frequently did she engage in the most menial offices for the sake of Christ’s kingdom in the earth, that she might almost literally be said to have “*washed the Saints’ feet.*” Generous, true and constant was she in all the instincts of her nature, purified as that nature was by the precious blood of the Saviour, *the world’s, and hers.*

She died in great peace with God and all mankind, on January 6th, 1802, in the eighty-eighth year of her age. Whilst in Baltimore, on April 5th, the Bishop received the intelligence of her death just two months after she passed from earth to heaven.

Her portrait occupies a conspicuous place beside the Bishop’s in our Museum. I heard, providentially, that it was to be seen in a neighboring city, and was greatly led to think that I could get it by visiting the lady who had possession of it. With this object in view, I undertook the journey; after some little trouble, I found her residence; the family were all at the time in the country, save a lady who admitted me. On mentioning my name and business she promptly replied, that there was such a picture in the bed room above stairs; she volunteered very kindly to show it to me. I accompanied her to the room where it was kept, in company with one of the Bishop’s, and several other worthies of the church. The Bishop’s likeness I found to be of much later date than the one we possessed already. It seems that the Bishop had this likeness of his mother brought out from England, for his own satisfaction; he deposited it with the forefathers of the family, who have long since passed away. Whenever he could in his annual tours of

duty around the country, he came to the place where it was kept, and was in the habit of putting up with this excellent family. Every day on which he tarried with them he used to go to the room where it was kept, and remain for some time, doubtless for the purpose of prayer, and likewise gazing upon the features of his loved mother, and living over again the years he had spent with her who was near to him as life itself, and whose living form he was destined to behold no more in the flesh.

The portrait is much smaller in size than that of the Bishop. It appears to have been taken when she was in advanced life, and represents her as being engaged in reading the Holy Scriptures, which lie open before her, her attention at the time being attracted by something at which she seems to be gazing with intense interest; all the features are well formed and indicative of great nerve and firmness. Subsequently and before, I endeavored by all means in my power to obtain this picture in order to give it a place in our archives with that of the Bishop himself. It was however in vain. The possessor of it could not be induced on any account to give it up. My only alternative then was to take a copy of it, to which the family readily consented. Our artist, Mr. Thomas C. Ruckle, applied himself to the work and soon reproduced it in a masterly manner. The picture is a much finer one than the original, the only thing that mars the pleasure of our possessing this very fine painting is, that it is not the original one, though superior to it in an artistic point of view.

I subjoin, as a matter that will be of great interest to every Methodist, what is supposed to be her last letter to her beloved son. It was dictated by her from her death bed, to one of the preachers, who took it down for her. I hope it will afford to all the same amount of pleasure that I myself had in looking upon the original document, of which we have become possessed. It is to us a valuable relic of bygone days, that have long since passed away forever. It was written out for her by the Rev. Samuel Bardsley, at that time one of the stationed preachers in the place where she resided.

GREAT BARR, *April 29, 1800.*

MY VERY DEAR SON:

May Israel's God (whose you are and whom you serve) bless you in your body, soul and labors. Your welcome letter from Charleston, South Carolina, dated January 21, came duly to hand, and found me very poorly, my legs and feet swelled much, and I was very sick and faint, and I began to think my Heavenly Father was about to call me home, and I bless his holy name, I was quite resigned to his blessed will to go, unless he saw that by staying a little longer I could promote his glory. However,

through mercy, I am now much better; I can wear my own shoes, and go about again; only the affliction has left me weaker than I was, but I trust I shall get a little more strength. I rejoice that the Lord has supported you, as he has these many years. It is not to be wondered at that you find some infirmities after so much and so long labor and fatigue. However, you are still in good hands, and the great Head of the Church will dispose of you to his glory. Should you see your native land before I am removed, you may well think I shall rejoice to embrace you, but this I leave with him who cannot err. I sincerely thank you for your care towards me; what you sent for my support the last year came duly to hand. Your Aunt Sarah Rogers has been dead for some time. I am glad the good work is going on in that New World. You began to meet the people at Sutton's in July, 1764. You was born in August, 1745. I am glad that Joseph Perkins is doing well in temporals, may he be more earnest for salvation. Edward Jordan and his wife are well, and desire their most affectionate love to Mr. Henry Foxall and his wife, (if alive,) they are very glad to hear of his welfare of body and soul, and would esteem it a singular favor to receive a letter from him soon. His brother John is gone into Wales, and does exceeding well, both in spirituals and temporals. He still continues to receive the preachers. His brother Benjamin (at the Wren's Nest) has a concern for his soul, and earnestly wishes to get the preachers at his house. James Stokes is very poorly indeed, he has been for a year very low in his mind and past business. His mother desires that his uncle will pray for him, and that he will not fail to write; we have had some revivals in Walsall, where our preachers met with some kind friends. I live in Richard Longmore's house, and have lived there about 20 years. Eleanor Rogers has been dead about a year, John is well, but not married again. Phebe Smith is alive and her husband, they are now old people. Sarah Weston has been dead some years, and her husband also. We are going on pretty well at Barr, the congregations are pretty good. Samuel Bardsley, our preacher, who writes this, desires his most affectionate love to you and Brother Whatcoat.

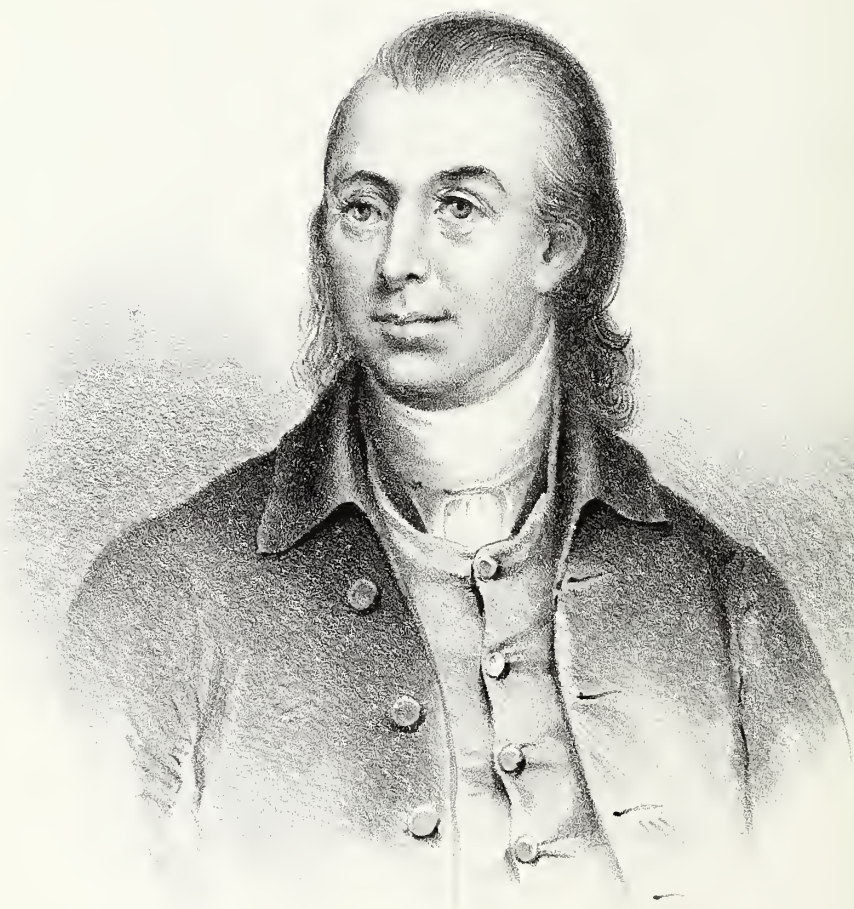
I remain, dear son, your affectionate mother,

ELIZA ASBURY.

Thus ends her last letter to her beloved son. None can tell how poignantly he felt the stroke when he heard at Baltimore of her death. Mr. Asbury says of her: "As a woman and a wife, she was chaste, modest, blameless. As a mother, (above all the women in the world would I claim her for my own,) ardently affectionate. As a mother in Israel, few of her sex have done more by a holy walk to live, and by personal labor to support, the Gospel, and to wash the Saints' feet. As a friend, she was generous, true and con-

stant." Peace be to her memory, and peace to the memory of her beloved son, they have long since met in that world of light and glory, where they shall, uninterruptedly, rest forever. Destined to be long separated in the order of Divine Providence in earth, he in the new, and she in the old world, now their weary spirits are at rest—"Forever with the Lord."

None will wonder, after reading the estimate he placed upon her whole character, at his turning aside to this room after the toils of his laborious life, for an hour every day, when sufficiently near, to look upon the only representation he could then have of her, and to hold communion with her sainted spirit, and bow in worship before God.



Engr. by A. Hoag & Co. Boston

T. C. Ruckle

REV. ROBT STRAWBRIDGE

Strawbridge's Portrait.

Thine image meets the earnest gaze,
But life is wanting there ;
Wanting, that depth of kindly thought
Which thou, methinks, should'st wear ;
Thy deeds of fame, the records old
Of history, may not tell,
But they are written on some hearts
That love thy memory well.
Thy name, with heroes' is not seen,
But where thine earthly home has been,
As pilgrims to an honored shrine
Come with meet homage in all time,
So come the good, to honor thine.

Robert Strawbridge.

ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE was born in Ireland, at Drumsnagh, in the county of Leitrim. Of his early life and history no record, as far as I have been able to ascertain, has been preserved, and, consequently, we know but little. We are first introduced to an acquaintance with him after his conversion. Soon after turning from the error of his way, and giving his heart to God, he moved from Drumsnagh to the county of Sligo. He was led to this purpose in part, if not altogether in whole, because of the storm of persecution which followed on his attempting to preach Christ and Him crucified. In this place which he had chosen for his home, he met a people much more congenial to his feelings, and who gave heed to his word of exhortation, which was greatly blessed.

Subsequently, he married a young lady of Terryhugan, emigrated to America in 1760, and settled upon Sam's creek, in Frederick county, Maryland. He opened his house for preaching as soon as he could get his family arranged, and commenced his labors in this, to him, new world. His work was owned by the great Head of the Church, and it resulted in the formation in his dwelling of his first class-meeting. The Lord crowned his efforts with great success, and they were extended to several places in that and other neighborhoods. He very soon built what is commonly known as the "Log Meeting House," a short distance from his dwelling. It was indeed a "Log House," and when compared with those built for the worship of God, in our day, was a rude structure.

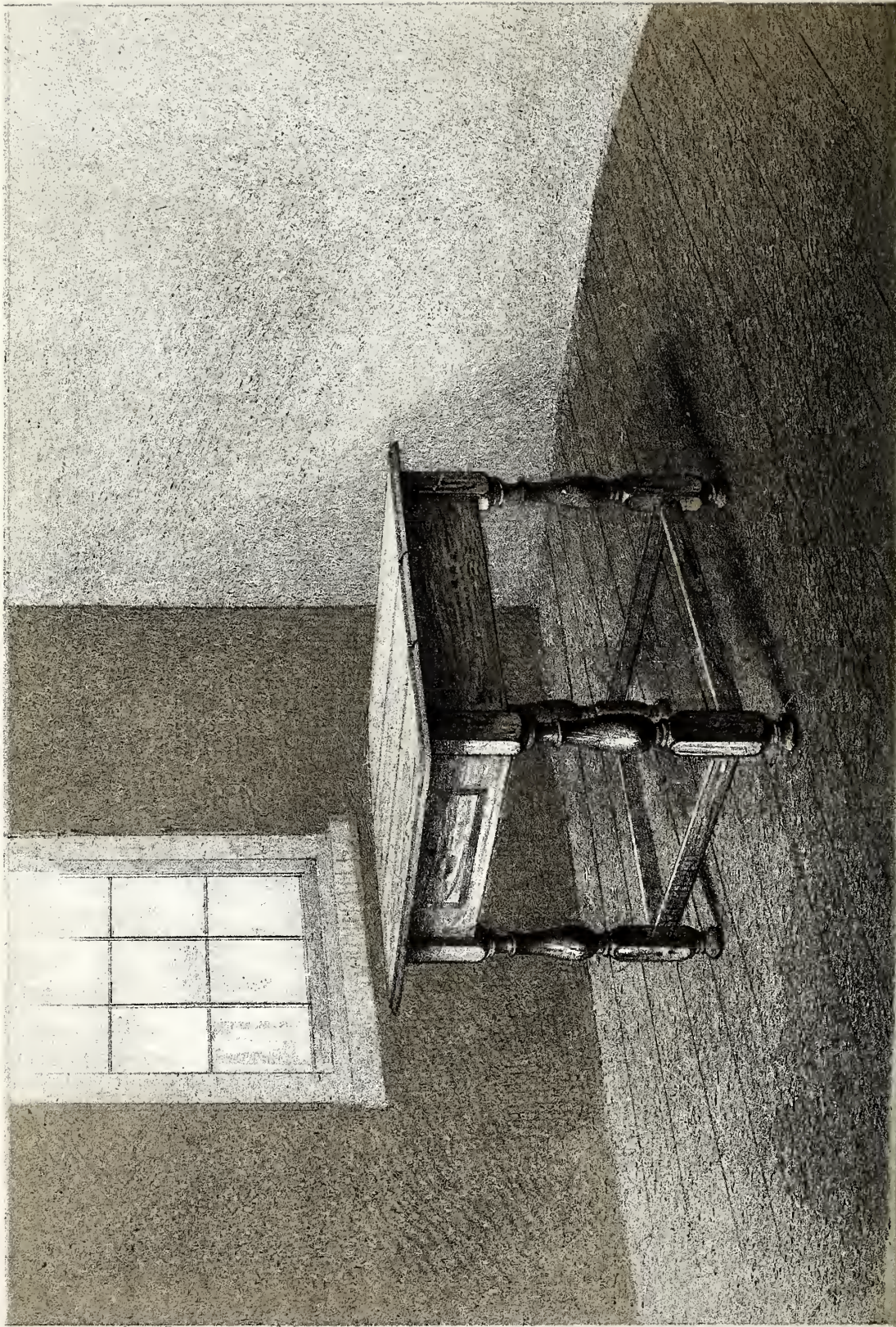
It, however, then answered all the purposes for which it had been erected: it was the place where his class met, and where the people were congregated to hear the Word of Life at his lips. His labors were acknowledged of God, in the conversion of the people. A rumor has gone forth that this house never was finished, having neither doors, windows, or even a floor. I cannot trace this rumor to any point whatever, and therefore conclude that it was not authentic. Indeed, what is left of it gives the most indubitable proof to the contrary. He found appointments in other places, and became in fact an itinerant, preaching the Gospel in Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania and Virginia, in each of which States his footsteps as an Evangelist can be traced.

With reference to the labors of this most excellent and useful servant of God, our knowledge is by no means conjectural. From letters, still extant, written by different individuals, at different times, at a distance from each other, and without any concert whatever on the part of the writers, we gather some highly interesting facts.

Mr. Michael Laird, who subsequently settled in Philadelphia, was born April 30th, 1770. He obtained from his father a knowledge of all the facts in relation to Mr. Strawbridge, with whom he was intimate, and therefore fully conversant with the truths stated in his letters. He says, Mr. Strawbridge came to America in 1760, with his family, and settled on Sam's creek. He opened his house for Divine worship at once, and continued preaching therein regularly. These efforts soon after resulted in the awakening and conversion of several, who attended. His congregations were large, many of whom came to see and hear the man who was reported to preach and pray extemporaneously.

In another communication it is stated, that Henry Maynard was baptized by Strawbridge, when he was but four or five years of age. It is well known that he did not hesitate to administer the ordinances, although not authorized by Mr. Wesley so to do. At the time named, Mr. S. was engaged in preaching regularly at the house of John Maynard, the half brother of Henry. He was present with his father on one of these occasions, when Mr. S. baptized him at the spring, which was near at hand, a few hundred yards from the dwelling.

Henry Maynard was born August 12, 1757, and died in 1839, aged 82 years. This fixes his baptism as early as 1762. Ephraim Maynard, who is still living on Sam's creek, Carroll county, Maryland, in a statement made to Mr. Thomas C. Ruckle, our artist, on the 17th of May, 1866, says, that he was perfectly familiar with the baptism of Henry Maynard; that it was at the spring near the house, where Mr. Strawbridge had taken the boy, but four or five years of age. He dipped up with his hand some water, and poured it upon his head, in the name of the Holy Trinity. The conversion, afterwards, of Henry Maynard, did not take place until he was a young man. His father was an Episcopalian, and his mother a Quakeress. Mrs. Maynard was accustomed, on the Sabbath day, to go out on the farm, for the purpose of worshiping God as she felt would be acceptable to Him, and there, under an apple tree, for an hour, offer silently to Him the worship of her heart. She was a woman known for her sweetness of temper. On one occasion, her son, Henry, was preparing to go to a ball, and while engaged in powdering his hair, his mother came into the room; she looked upon him so meekly and reprovngly, that he at once threw aside all preparation, and concluded to reform his life. From that time he no longer frequented the ball room, and set about saving his soul in earnest.



T. C. Kuehle.

Table used by Rev. R. Strawbridge as a Pulpit.

Lith. by A. Horn & Co. Balto.

The house in which he afterwards lived upwards of forty-eight years, and then died, still remains. John Dykes, John Norris, John Maynard and Jacob Toogood were all converts under Robert Strawbridge, their names are held in the greatest estimation, even at this day, by those who have heard of their piety.

Old Jacob Toogood was a slave of Mr. Maynard, he had permission to preach to the colored people and often was engaged in this work in his cabin. His master would frequently go to hear him; he would take the precaution to sit where Jacob could not see him, for fear of embarrassing him, and listen to the word of life, as in great simplicity the old man would give it to his hearers.

John Maynard, the proprietor of the house, was a Methodist, and it is known that he was a convert of Mr. Strawbridge for some considerable time before the baptism of this boy. All these things make it certain that he had been engaged in preaching for some time prior to 1762, and fully corroborates the statement contained in Mr. Laird's letter aforementioned, viz. that he commenced his labors immediately after his settlement in Maryland. Bishop Asbury, after holding in 1801 a Conference at Henry Willis', on Pipe creek, in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Strawbridge's dwelling, says, in his journal, "Here Mr. Strawbridge formed the first Society in Maryland and in America," (Journal, vol. iii, page 27.) This was written after the reception of information on the ground itself. By reference to his Journal it will be found that he dined on April 30th, 1801, at Alexander Warfield's, on Sam's creek, and from there went to Henry Willis', on Pipe creek, where he proposed to hold the Conference, at which there were present about forty preachers. From the relation of the Warfield family to the "Log Meeting House," and from the full knowledge of Henry Willis himself concerning it, it is rendered indubitable that the Bishop here received more correct information than he had previously, and was induced to write in his Journal what he did.

I have dwelt more at large on this interesting subject, for the purpose of giving, in as short a space as possible, the facts of the case, mooted as we know the question to have been for many years. The first American preacher was Richard Owen, who performed the melancholy duty of consigning to the grave the remains of his spiritual father. The first native itinerant preacher was William Walters, both of whom were Marylanders. And we believe firmly, and here record our opinion, as being in accordance with that of Mr. Asbury, that the first chapel built in America was in Maryland. This statement is made not to elicit any controversy whatever, but simply for the purpose of putting, in this more permanent and tangible form, the facts that have been brought to light on the question. The General Conference, the highest judicatory of our church, has fixed upon the

present year as the centennial year of our existence, and it is everyway meet and right that *all* should receive it as such, and unite in celebrating the event in the manner that has been indicated. We say, sincerely, a truce to all controversy now upon the subject.

Mr. Strawbridge was always poor, devoting himself mostly to the labor of preaching the Gospel far and near. He was eloquent as a preacher, and a fine singer. The Society at the house of Daniel Evans, near Baltimore, was among the first in which he labored and formed a class. The first chapel in Baltimore county was erected by the Society worshipping in this house. In his itinerant labors in this and Harford county, he was eminently successful in winning souls for Christ. Several individuals, through his instrumentality, became preachers of the Gospel, and shone conspicuous in their day.

No likeness is known to exist at present of Mr. Strawbridge. The one which appears at the commencement of this communication, was drawn from the personal recollection of one of his converts and admirers, who has long since entered into rest.



E. C. Ruckle

STRAWBERRY CHURCH

Sams' Creek, Maryland. Built in 1764

Engraved by A. Brown & Co. Baltimore

The Log Meeting House.

“Where two or three are gathered
Together in my name,
There am I ;” this sweet promise
To Christians long since came.
And now as then, to God in heaven
His children’s prayers ascend,
Where the prayerful voices
In hut or palace blend.
Within this humble temple
Once met the sainted ones,
Who to the house not made with hands
Have gone from earthly homes.

The Log Chapel.

THE labors of Mr. Strawbridge were greatly blessed in the conversion of the people, whom he immediately gathered into classes, according to the custom of Mr. Wesley, and his colaborers in the ministry. Several of those were subsequently authorized to preach the Gospel, and in turn were instrumental in extending the work very largely; four or five at least from Sam's creek were thus engaged. Richard Owings, a man of very precious memory, was prominently useful in the little band as a local preacher of his day. He preached far and wide, and opened the way for the formation of regular circuit work for the itinerant ministry. He outlived Strawbridge, and eventually was called upon to preach on the occasion of his death.

The picture is a representation of the Log Chapel, reconstructed by our artist, Mr. Thomas C. Ruckle, himself a descendant of the Ruckles, who emigrated with Mr. Embury, they being his uncles. At present, the spot on which it was originally built, was, when we visited it, in culture as a field of grain. We ascertained the precise place where it was located, and its general appearance, from a gentleman, who happened to be there on our arrival, and who had assisted in taking it down and removing the logs therein contained to another location, not far distant, and building a barn of them. We also visited the remains of this barn, and found by actual observation and measurement of the timber still remaining, that it could be very readily reconstructed again, on paper, as it originally appeared. The marks of places where the door and windows were in the church still remained upon them. By the actual measurement we took of these logs, we found that the church was twenty-four feet by twenty-four feet three inches. The plate represents it as it originally existed. The dwelling in the sketch represents the house of Mr. Strawbridge, where he first engaged in his hallowed work of preaching the gospel in 1760, and where he continued to preach until the erection of this chapel. Could we now be made acquainted with what transpired in these two houses, of the numbers therein converted through his instrumentality, of their devoted lives whilst in connection with this chapel, and of their peaceful and triumphant deaths, rich and glorious would be the treat. They and their im-

mediate descendants have all passed away, and they now live and worship in the house "*not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*" Let us take courage and prosecute diligently our work, and we shall die in the faith, and soon overtake them above. To God be all the glory, both now and forever,



T. C. Buckle.

The House where Rev R. Strawbridge died, and from the yard, of which this Funeral took place

Engr. by A. Hoorn & Co. Balto.

The House where Robert Strawbridge Died.

Homes where good men have lived and died

Seem sacred evermore,

A radiance seems to linger there

As from the shining shore.

We stand where their last hour was told,

Then reverently bend

To ask that our lives be like their's,

Like their's our blissful end.

The House where Robert Strawbridge Died.

AFTER finishing our visit to the grave, and cutting several sticks from the immediate site of it, which we intended to use as canes, we turned to the dwelling house, a short distance from the graveyard.

Mr. Strawbridge resided sixteen years at his dwelling on Sam's creek. He then removed to Long Green, Baltimore county, Maryland, and located himself on a farm given him, during his life, by Capt. Charles Ridgely, who held him in very high estimation, and who was very frequently an attendant upon his ministry. It was while living on this farm, in the immediate vicinity of "Hampton," he determined on one of his visits to his spiritual children. He was taken sick at this house, then belonging to Mr. John Wheeler. This occurred in the summer or fall of 1781, and proved to be his death illness. The room in which he died has a single window opening into it from the porch of the house, nearly opposite the steps and next on the left hand to the front door. I believe the room was much smaller at the time of his death than at the present, another small one on the right of the entrance from the parlor or sitting room having been thrown into it by the removal of the partition that was between the two. In this place, far away from his home, this man of God yielded up his spirit into the hands of God who gave it. Just before the interment the coffin containing the body was placed under an immense walnut tree, which stands in the yard of the dwelling, and Richard Owings, one of his first converts, and the first American preacher raised up in this country, preached over the remains a funeral discourse, from Rev. xiv, 13. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The funeral was attended by a great many of his devoted friends, some of whom came a considerable distance for the purpose. After the discourse was finished, the coffin was borne on the shoulders of four persons, to the graveyard in the orchard, south of the dwelling, and perhaps one or two hundred yards from it. The people were engaged in singing, as they solemnly moved along, that inimitable hymn of Charles Wesley, found in our present collection, page 653.

How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind !
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind !
 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again.
 This languishing head is at rest ;
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet, immovable breast
 Is heaved by affliction no more.

There they buried him, amid the tears and sympathies of the crowd that attended. They wept, as children bereft of a spiritual father ; they wept, sorrowing, because they should see his face no more, nor hear his voice again in the sweet strains of music they had been accustomed to hear from his lips ; they wept, because they should *never again* hear him preach, extemporaneously, the Gospel of God, his Saviour.

They turned from the grave of their beloved chief, and silently wended their way to their dwellings.

Standing on this spot, and looking to the southward, some six or eight miles distant, you can behold, at the present day, the city where he once labored, and where for more than eighty years his descendants have been pressing the battle to the gate, and where victories for Immanuel, innumerable, have been won. Strange as it may seem, up to the present time nothing has marked the spot but two pieces of unhewn granite, upon which not even the *name* of Strawbridge and his excellent wife appear. IT SHALL BE SO NO LONGER.

The plate, as drawn by our artist, Mr. Ruckle, gives a perfect view of the dwelling house in which he died ; with the congregation assembled under the old tree to hear the sermon delivered by his spiritual son in the Gospel.

He scorned his feeble flesh to spare,
 Regardless of its swift decline,
 His single aim, his ceaseless prayer,
 To spread the righteousness Divine.

He truly triumphs in the cross,
 Its marks as on his body showed,
 Lavish of life for Jesus' cause,
 Whose blood for all so freely flowed.





T. C. Ruckle.

Lith. by A. Hoen & Co. Balto.

A VISIT TO REV. R. STRAWBRIDGE'S GRAVE

Baltimore County, August 23rd 1861

Strawbridge's Funeral.

Toll, ye bells, for a spirit gone,
The good man true and brave,
Let tears of love all gently fall
Upon the Christian's grave.
Solemnly he was laid to rest
With emblems meet of grief,
Nor chided those sad mourner's tears,
For all had cause to weep.
The kind, the true, the good old man,
They bore unto his rest,
But the mem'ry of his deeds will live
In many a Christian's breast.

His Grave.

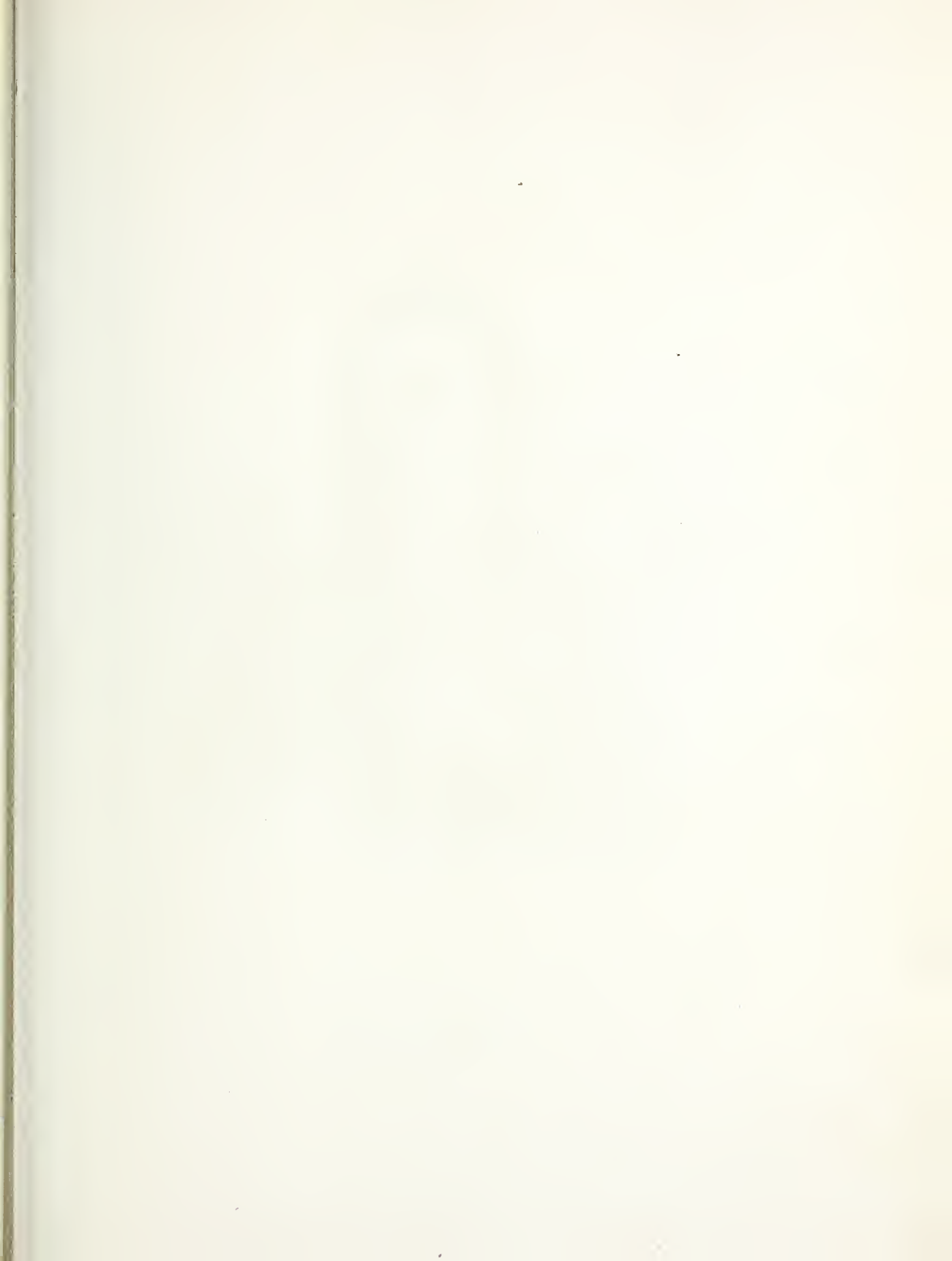
"He giveth his beloved sleep."
When faint and weary grown,
He wins them gently from the earth
To the dear rest of home.
The God of Israel was thy God,
Oh spirit glorified,
The Saviour was thy strength and hope,
For thee the Lamb had died.
And in His own good time He bade
Thine eyes forget to weep,
And dimming earth-tears wiped away,
Gave "His beloved sleep."

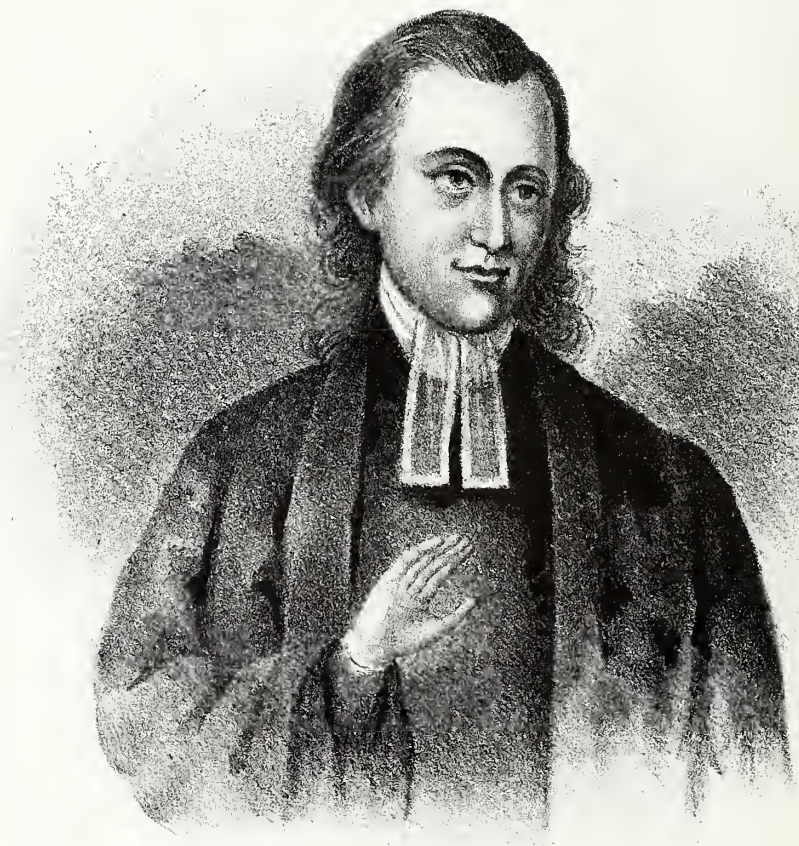
Robert Strawbridge's Grave.

THE plate representing the grave of this excellent man and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that of his wife, as they lie beside each other, is a very correct one. I visited the spot in company with Gabriel P. Disosway, Esq., of New York, Rev. Isaac P. Cook, and the late Rev. Joseph Farrow, of this city. The last named person died in the faith in the summer of 1861.

These remains are in the family burying ground of Mr. Wheeler, on the farm at present owned by Mr. Lee, near Towsontown, Baltimore county, some six or eight miles from Baltimore. The graveyard belongs to Mr. Wheeler, the descendant of its first owners, who, on being consulted, at once nobly consented to their removal to Mount Olivet Cemetery, where it is our purpose they shall repose near those of the venerable Bishop Asbury. At our first visit, we found the ground so thoroughly covered with young trees and briars that it was almost impossible to reach the exact spot where he is interred. Just between the graves, and covering them fully, a very large poplar tree has grown up. Indeed, thus far, the tree has thrown unforeseen difficulties in the way of our removing the remains. Nature has provided for him a memorial, which his immediate descendants have neglected to raise. We trust, at no very distant day, to remove him, and erect to his memory a suitable monument.

I made a subsequent visit to this memorable spot, in company with Rev. Isaac P. Cook, Mr. Thos. C. Ruckle, and my eldest daughter, Miss Amelia H. Roberts, the last named person has since finished her course on earth and entered into her rest, where she is now enjoying, with Robert Strawbridge, the glories of the heavenly state. At this visit we cut down the small trees and bushes, which so thickly had arisen and prevented access to the grave, and made a free and wide opening, leading to it from where originally was the gate of entrance. Our artist addressed himself to the task of taking a fac simile of the grave and its surroundings, which are seen in the accompanying plate, together with all who were in attendance on the occasion.





T. C. Ruckle

Engr. by A. Brown from a Photo.

REV. H. WILLIS
from an Old Portrait.





T. C. Ruckle

REV. HENRY WELLS'S GRAVE
Pipe Creek, Carroll Co. Maryland

Engr. by A. Brown & Co. Baltimore

Rev. Henry Willis.

Like to the loved disciple
Whom Jesus did so love,
Is thy memory to earth-dwellers.
Thy home is won—above.
Now thou dost strike the golden lyre,
While songs of rapturous joy,
Of hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Do all thy thoughts employ.
May Christians live as thou didst live,
And win the heavenly rest
Of peace, and love, and holy joy,
A mansion with the blest!

His Grave.

They buried thee thus, their best beloved,
Where spring-flowers bloom the brightest,
Where the leaves bend down to kiss the earth,
And the summer air breathes lightest.
For no cold damp stones should press on the sod
Where thou art lowly lying,
A bright and hallowed shrine should be
To soothe the sad heart's sighing,
The sacred mound where peacefully
Thine earthly part is lying.

Rev. Henry Willis.

THE REV. HENRY WILLIS, as early as 1779, entered upon the work of the itinerancy. Of his early history we know nothing, except that he was born in Brunswick county, Va. He was pre-eminently a pioneer in those days which tried men's souls. From the time he took upon himself the labors of the traveling ministry, until he fell asleep in Jesus in the early part of 1800, he was found, in great weakness of body, to devote himself to his arduous work. So great were his infirmities, through "*bodily weakness*," that for nearly ten years prior to his death he sustained a supernumerary relation to the Conference. Doing as much as possible, though unable to do effective work. The portrait represents him clothed in canonicles, preaching, and of a fragile form, with a countenance expressive of depth of piety, mingled with great sweetness of disposition, which was truly characteristic of him. Indeed, it shows, as was the case, that all his temper and feelings were brought into full subjection to the power of Divine grace, sanctified holy, and belonging to a man who felt that the business of calling sinners to repentance, and then to the higher walks of experimental godliness, was his ONE work.

Such was the known character of Henry Willis. His reasons for continuing in the itinerancy, when no longer effective, were, that he felt his call, and knew his qualifications were supernal, and having received them of God, he could not dispense with them but by *unfaithfulness, weakness of his physical nature, or death*. His whole soul was in the traveling ministry, which he looked upon as the most Apostolic and excellent way of spreading, successfully, scriptural holiness.

It must not be thought of him, that he remained in connection with his brethren in order that he might receive the meagre pittance attached thereto. This was steadily refused by him, preferring to labor, with his own hands, in the support of the family whom God had cast upon him. He never would partake of the food necessary to sustain them at the expense of the church, and to the detriment of his brethren in the field, who, like himself, were not able to do the full work of the ministry, and at the same time were so constituted as to be unable to labor at all.

At those periods of his life when he had the ability to labor, it was rendered most successfully in the vineyard of the Lord, and he rejoiced to know that the pleasure of the Highest prospered in his hands. He was noted for the possession, in a very high degree of excellence, of all the virtues of the Gospel. System, spirit, and practice were all united in him. He finally closed his eventful life on Pipe creek, Maryland, in the immediate vicinity of the spot where Robert Strawbridge first laid the foundations of Methodism in America.

The writer, in company with the venerable Joseph Cassell, of this city, brother of the late gifted Leonard Cassell, visited these spots of precious memory in the summer of 1862, in company with the artist of our Society, Mr. Thos. C. Ruckle, who took the view of the house in which Henry Willis lived and died. This, together with the views of Strawbridge's old Log Meeting House, and others, are preserved in our archives, as sacred memorials of the times and men that then flourished. Whenever in the neighborhood, Bishop Asbury was wont to find in this house, for a short season, a stopping place, where he could refresh his weary spirit in converse with this man of God, and his body in the quiet retirement of his dwelling and excellent family. It must be remembered that the wife of Henry Willis was the daughter of his intimate friend Jesse Hollingsworth.

Frequently were held, in this house, meetings of great interest, in which were found "*seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.*" Frequently they became the occasions of great power, and scenes transpired in them of the most intense character. On one of these, special and fervent prayer went up before God for the conversion of a colored servant of Mr. Willis. Among those present on that evening were the children of Mr. Jacob Cassell and Mr. Wm. Durbin. Before leaving the place, they became powerfully awakened, and subsequently, several of them who left the house unconverted, found peace in believing, at a meeting held at the dwelling of Mr. Andrew Poulson. That was a memorable night indeed. Of those then seeking the pardon of sin, sixteen found peace in believing, to their great joy, among whom was Leonard and George Cassell. Great was the exultation of the people of God on account of these accessions to their numbers. Leonard Cassell was clearly and powerfully converted. On finding peace to his soul, he leaped to his feet and shouted aloud the praises of God, for his pardoning love and mercy. So clear was his conversion, that one of the brethren caught the hallowed fire, and predicted that Leonard would make a preacher. A prediction which was literally fulfilled. He did become a *preacher* of righteousness, and a most eminent one, too, known and read of all who were acquainted with him for his eloquence and power. Thus brought into the fold of Christ in youthful life through the instrumentality of these early Methodists, he de-

voted his time and riper years to the spreading of the peculiar Bible truths they held. The improvement in his mental powers, which he made by close application, were such as astonished his friends. They were constrained to acknowledge the hand of God in the instruction in the deep things of Divine truth of a youth, who had opportunities so few, and apparently imperfect. Pulpit simplicity and eloquence shone brightly in him. They were based upon a zeal unabated in the last moments of a life so exemplary and devoted wholly to the service of his God. In his death, we are constrained to say, "*His ways are past finding out.*" He fell early in his ministerial career, in the sixth year of his ministry, a victim to the yellow fever, on Monday, September 26th, 1808, whilst stationed at Fells Point, Baltimore. Though the attack of his disease was extremely severe throughout its whole course, until it terminated in death, not a murmur or complaint was heard to escape his lips; on the contrary, sweet composure, with unshaken confidence in God, marked his end. His end was peaceful indeed.

"How calm his exit!

Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,

Nor weary, worn out winds expire so soft."

At least another minister of Christ sprung from these memorable meetings, viz. John Durbin. Of his history but little is now known. He came from one among the earliest families of the Methodists and first settlers on Pipe creek. He was the son of William Durbin, and was one of Strawbridge's converts. He was a local preacher and died early in life, when about thirty years of age. He was a pious and useful minister. He and Leonard Cassell, of whom we have spoken, were intimate associates, and he was frequently sent out on the circuit by the preachers. He also had other appointments. He and the four sons of Mr. Cassell, likewise the sons of the Baxters and Poulsons were convicted powerfully at Henry Willis'. In the time of the prevalence of the yellow fever in Baltimore, in 1800, many of the families of the principal Methodists left the city and went to the neighborhood of Henry Willis; Wm. Hawkins, J. Burneston, and J. McCannon were among the number. John and James Chalmers were likewise there, as also was Bishop Asbury. A great work of God took place, at which upwards of one hundred were savingly converted. This commenced at Mr. Willis' dwelling, where they were accustomed to hold their meetings, and spread all through that region of country. Prayer meetings of great interest were held at Adam Poulson's, G. Mathews', Wm. Poulson's, Wm. Durbin's, Joshua Smith's, Sandy Warfield's, &c. This work of grace commenced at

Henry Willis', the night when his colored servant was converted. Joseph Cassell, who still survives, in this city, represents the meeting to have been one of extraordinary power, and says that he fancied to himself that the room where the meeting was held was full of the angels of God, who had come down to mingle their songs of praise with God's church on earth over those who were then brought into the fold of Christ. Whilst speaking of these glorious events which transpired in those early days of the church in Maryland, the heart of this venerable man was made to rejoice over the full recollection that he then had of them. He has outlived all of these men of God, and is now waiting patiently and triumphantly for the coming of his Lord to take him to his rest with those sainted ones that are safe at home. He spends the later days of his life in fighting over again the battles of the Lord, and in recounting the victories then won for Immanuel, and expects, ere long, to finish his course in holy triumph. Amen! So may it be.

James McCannon bought a farm in the vicinity and removed his family from the city to it. He continued there until his death. His place fell into other hands, who found it convenient to take down a part of the old mansion and erect another in its stead.

There may be others whose names have not come down to us from those times that tried men's souls within them.

It was in this house of Mr. Willis that the Conference for Pipe creek was held, in the month of May, 1801. The preacher in charge of the circuit was *Joseph Stone*, an Englishman. His colleagues were *Noah Fidler* and *Henry Willis*. Mr. W. held a supernumerary relation to the Conference the year before this and the year subsequent. His name appears on the minutes for *this* year, in the list of appointments, without this affix appended, though under the *head of supernumeraries*, he is set down as being among those holding that relation to the Conference. Doubtless he was nothing more in the year under notice, on account of his extreme weakness of body.

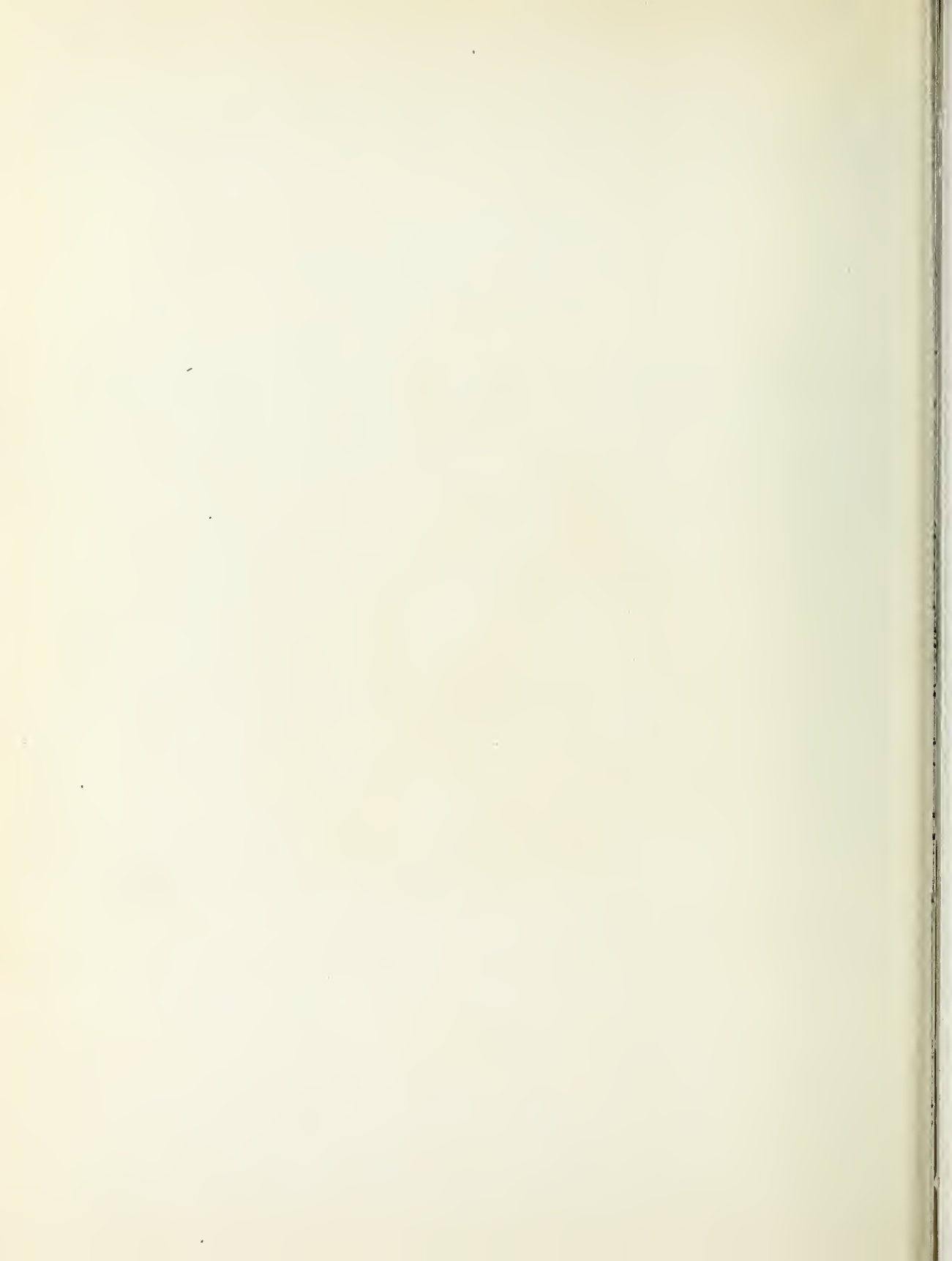
Probably but few cases similar to that of Henry Willis have been known among us. He lingered on the shores of mortality several years, (at least seven,) sometimes so low that there was but little hope of his surviving, then reviving again to remain a short time longer with his earthly friends.

At last the final struggle came, and he sank quietly to rest from an attack of scarlatina, calm as a summer evening, with not a cloud to disturb the mild serenity of the heavens. A short time prior to his death, he labored under a severe conflict with the enemy of his soul. He passed through it, however, and came off victorious, more than conqueror "*through Him that loved him, and gave Himself for him.*" Great was his triumph in the Divine presence, in the valley of death, and he passed away with strong

confidence in God, and a faith implicit in the merits of Christ Jesus the Lord, his mediator with the Father. Thus lived and thus died, Henry Willis. Peace be to his memory.

O may the close of my expiring day
Be as unclouded and as calm as this ;
O'er it may hope, with mildly beaming ray,
Reflect the sunshine of eternal bliss.

There are yet among us a few, and but *a few*, who recollect with pleasure the eloquence and power of this excellent minister of the Lord Jesus. He labored extensively in New York, and in the North, and Charleston, and the South, and to the Western waters, and in many intermediate places. Wherever he went to build up the cause of Christ his name was as "*ointment poured forth*."







T. C. Buckle.

Lith. by A. Horn & Co. Balto.

Mrs. HENRY WILLIS
from an Original Portrait

Mrs. Ann Willis.

All rare and beautiful virtues

That centered in woman can be,
Were purely and graciously blended,

O mother in Israel in thee !

Thine the spirits most lovely adorning,

Meek and quiet thy deeds and thy words,
Thy life to good works was devoted,

Thy will was to know but the Lord's.
Now thine earth-work is over thou reapest

The joy to God's saints that is given,
Thy mem'ry on earth is still cherished,

But *thou* art an angel in heaven !

Mrs. Ann Willis.

THE portrait of this *elect lady* hangs beside that of her excellent husband in our museum. It was taken long after his, when she was comparatively an elderly lady, and puts on the appearance of a mother in Israel, rather than the wife of Henry Willis. An appearance very readily accounted for by the length of the period which elapsed between his death and the time of its being taken.

She was a woman whose character was hardly less marked in her sphere of action, than was his as a man. Known of all who were so fortunate as to have made her acquaintance, as a woman whose piety was deep and genuine, which enabled her to pursue the path of life with unfaltering integrity.

Mrs. Willis was the daughter of Jesse Hollingsworth, a man of precious memory, who in his day figured largely as a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the city of Baltimore. She was born February 9th, 1769. Her mother was an English lady, and together with her family, were originally members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The father of Mrs. Willis, (Mr. J. Hollingsworth,) became a converted man, I believe, through the instrumentality of Bishop Asbury, and immediately joined the despised Methodists. Ann returned home from a boarding school a gay and accomplished young lady. Sometime after, she accompanied her father to a meeting for prayer, which was held in the dwelling of Mrs. Tripolett, at that time a large and commodious house, on the southwest corner of Baltimore street and an alley which was called after her name. Subsequently, this house was torn down, and stores built upon its site by Mr. Joshua Royston.

Mrs. Tripolett's dwelling was noted in its day for the meetings which were held in it by the Methodists. Among her first visits to this place, Ann was awakened to a sense of her condition, and soon became spiritually converted to God. She immediately gave her name to the church, and cast in her lot with the people of God. Her sister Mary, who afterward became Mrs. Yellott, very soon was also converted, and joined the church. Mr. Yellott was a clerk in the employment of Mr. Hollingsworth. At the time of the

massacre in St. Domingo, breadstuffs went up in price to an enormous amount. One day, in conversation on this subject, he expressed a readiness to go out and dispose of it, if he only had the means necessary to freight a large vessel with a cargo of flour. It was then selling at one hundred dollars per barrel. Mr. Hollingsworth told him, if he wished to go, he would furnish him with the necessary means. He embraced the offer, loaded a vessel, went out and soon disposed of it. From this voyage he realized a large fortune. On his return to Baltimore, he formed a matrimonial alliance with Mary, and thus became the son-in-law of Mr. Hollingsworth.

The meetings at Mrs. Tripolett's finally became centres of great attraction to the higher classes of the community. They were frequently attended by Mrs. Gough, some members of the Ridgely family, as well as that of the Carroll family. These persons were the intimate friends of Bishop Asbury, and likewise of Mr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth and their daughters.

When Mrs. Willis joined the church, she laid aside all her gay clothing, and attired herself in apparel which was neat and simple, such as became "*women professing godliness.*"—"Not with broidered hair, or gold, or costly array." The women of that day, both young and old, were patterns of plainness and neatness on all occasions. The plain bonnet, the plain made dress, and (in the more elderly) the plain cap, with long ear-pieces made to tie beneath the chin, was their usual costume. "*With good works,*" they sought diligently to show themselves "*approved of men,*" and not with gay and gaudy investments as at the present-day. Pity is it that *we are* at such an infinite remove from those who thus early took upon themselves the name of Christ. In our day they are as noted for fine and costly apparel, as in that day they were for the entire absence of every description of it. When will these Apostolic times return to bless the church? It is to be feared *never, no, never!*

It is at present unknown in what manner or through what instrumentality Ann at first became acquainted with Mr. Willis. Possibly, it was through the intimacy that existed with himself and Bishop Asbury he first found access to this family. Suffice it to say, that he was soon impressed favorably with the depth of her piety and intelligence, for both of which Miss Hollingsworth was so exemplary. That which at first was mere respect for both of these traits as they shone out most conspicuously in her character, subsequently ripened into an intimacy that resulted finally in propositions of a more intimate union, on his part. Because of the privations to which she would be exposed in the early days of Methodism, as the wife of an itinerant preacher, her family were very much opposed to her marriage with Mr. Willis. Mr. Hollingsworth himself, said, "*it could not be.*"

As a dutiful child, she bowed submissive, and said she never would marry without the consent of her father. She became dispirited, and eventually lost her health. Her physician recommended a sea voyage, and it was so arranged that she went finally to the West Indies, accompanied by her sister. On the voyage she was so ill that her sister despaired of her recovery. On her return to Baltimore, she found that her father was engaged to be married again, to a lady who was a relation of the Ridgely family. She however refused to consummate the engagement with Mr. Hollingsworth, until his daughter had been first consulted, and had given her consent thereto. Her consent was readily given. The result of it was, her father also assented to her marriage with Mr. Willis. Eventually he became so infirm as to preclude the possibility of his traveling very extensively, as formerly, and he bought a farm on Pipe creek, Frederick county, Md., called Wakefield, to which he retired, and where he continued to reside until his death.

They had six children, *Henry, William, Jesse, Mary Yellott, Jeremiah, and Francis Asbury*. Bishop Asbury was on terms of the greatest intimacy with them, and became their devoted friend. When in their neighborhood, he made their dwelling his home. The house became a place of resort, and many and great were the meetings held therein, as has been previously stated.

After the death of Mr. Willis, his widow continued to live at Wakefield only for a short time. She bought a farm on Sam's creek, in the vicinity, to which she removed. She remained here some three years, more or less, and then again removed to one on the Monocacy, near Frederick city, and finally to Baltimore city, where she resided at the time of her death.

Wakefield being in the vicinity of Robert Strawbridge's "*Loy Meeting House*," soon, as might have been expected, became a place of resort, and famous for the assemblies of God's people. The Cassells, the Poulsons the Durbins, the Wakefields, the Baxters, and many others, were frequently in attendance upon these meetings, and it was here that inroads were made upon their families for God. Mr. Cassell's children all became converted and prominent members of the church of Christ. Jacob Cassell, the sole remaining one, still lives in Baltimore city, at a ripe old age, to bless the church, and receive, as he does, the respect of his brethren in the Lord. Mrs. Willis was always a devoted and pious Christian, remarkable for her intelligence. Her attachment to her father was of the strongest nature, and likewise to her husband. She was in every sense a mother in Israel, that "*needed not to be ashamed*." She outlived all her children, and finally sank sweetly in the arms of Jesus, and on his bosom breathed her life out most peacefully. She died of consumption, aged 73 years and 7 days, and was laid quietly to rest in the old burial

ground that belonged to the Methodists, which lies in the rear of what is now called Greenmount Cemetery. Some short time since, the writer visited the spot where reposes her silent dust until the morning of the resurrection, when Jesus will summon it to life again, and take her where she shall be "*forever with the Lord.*"

The grounds about her grave are in a very dilapidated condition. The graves in the lot are unmarked, save her own, and that of her brother, Francis, who died on the 4th of February, 1826, aged 32 years and six months. It is a singular coincidence, that Mrs. Willis was born in February and died in February, and her brother, Francis, departed this life in the month of February, also, though in a different year.

The plain marble stone which marks the head of her grave was nearly prostrate to the earth. I had the honor, with my own hands, of placing it again upright in the earth, and permanently. The following is the inscription it bears :

In Memory of

ANN WILLIS,

WIDOW OF THE REV. HENRY WILLIS,

Born, February 9th, 1769,

Died, February 16th, 1842,

Aged 73 Years and 7 Days.

IN EARLY LIFE SHE BECAME A MEMBER OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AND FROM THE TIME OF HER CONVERSION TO HER DEATH, THE POWERS OF A MIND NATURALLY STRONG AND HIGHLY CULTIVATED, WERE STEADILY EMPLOYED IN ATTAINING THOSE GRACES OF THE SPIRIT WHICH ENABLED HER TO HONOR THE CROSS IN HEALTH, AND MANIFEST THROUGH YEARS OF PERSONAL AFFLICTION "THE PATIENCE OF THE SAINTS." HAVING ADORNED HER PROFESSION BY A HOLY LIFE, AND THUS FULFILLED THE OBJECT OF PROBATION, SHE SIGHED FOR REST, BID EARTH ADIEU, AND PASSING PEACEFULLY THE SHADES OF DEATH, LEANING ON A SAVIOUR'S ARM, ENTERED TRIUMPHANTLY THE CITY OUT OF SIGHT.



T. C. Buckle.

SCOTT'S CHURCH

Pipe Creek, Built 1783. This house took the place of Strawbridge Log Chapel

Engr. by A. Hoen & Co. N. Y.

Stone Chapel.

Like beacon lights to guide aright
The voyager upon his way,
Are these the temples reared by those
Who dwell in realms of endless day.
Long may God's people there unite
In hymns of praise and fervent prayer,
Long in sweet unity and peace
May Christians come to worship there.

Stone Chapel.

THE house which at the present day is known by this title, was built in 1783, the year before the Methodists in this country organized themselves into a church, called the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. It occupies the site of the first church that took the place of the Log Meeting House, and which was called Poulson's Chapel, because it stood upon land given by Mr. Poulson for that purpose. When rebuilt, it was made of stone, and therefore took the name of Stone Chapel. There is on the front of the chapel, high up, a tablet, on which is J. B. and J. D. These are said to be the initials of two men, viz. John Baxter and Jesse Durbin, who were the foremost instruments in the rebuilding of it.

This house, in its day, has figured largely in the establishment and perpetuation of Methodism. Many and glorious have been the meetings held therein, from which meetings have gone out into the regions round about, a most gracious influence. All the early settlers of the neighborhood and worshipers have passed away. They have entered into their rest. Their descendants in part make up the congregation. In the year 1800, there was a great revival here, at which time many were soundly converted from the error of their ways, and brought into the fold of Christ.

In the early days of Methodism, the preachers used to bear their testimony faithfully against slavery, and, perhaps, did what they could to rid the church of this great evil. Some of them rather roughly, and frequently in a manner that would not have been tolerated in after years. Among these was Joseph Everett, who was not accustomed to smooth his tongue when speaking of it. On the occasion of a Quarterly Lovefeast, which was held in the chapel, in or about 1790, one of the members got up to speak; he had not much liberty in speaking, and was several times interrupted by his cough. Mr. Everett perceiving his embarrassment, cried out to him, "*Brother, you had better cough up those negroes, and then you will be able to speak better.*"

Those days have passed away, and with them the men that they originated; another and quite a different race have risen up to take their places. In some respects, it is to

be feared, not so well adapted to the exigencies of the times. Many, however, are the men of strong minds on every hand who are engaged in preaching Christ, and we trust will be the instruments of great good in the name of the Lord. Oh! that it may yet be said of all, that they preach him faithfully, that they stand completely behind the cross, and do not permit so much as their little finger to be seen.



T. C. Rockle

OLD CASSELL HOUSE.

Lith. by A. Horn & Co. Ballo.



T. C. Ruckle

JACOB CASSELL'S HOUSE BUILT 1755.

Engr. by A. H. H. & Co. Bath.

Jacob Cassell's Old House.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.
There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited ; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet uninvited guests,
As silent as the pictures on the wall."

Longfellow.

The Cassell House.

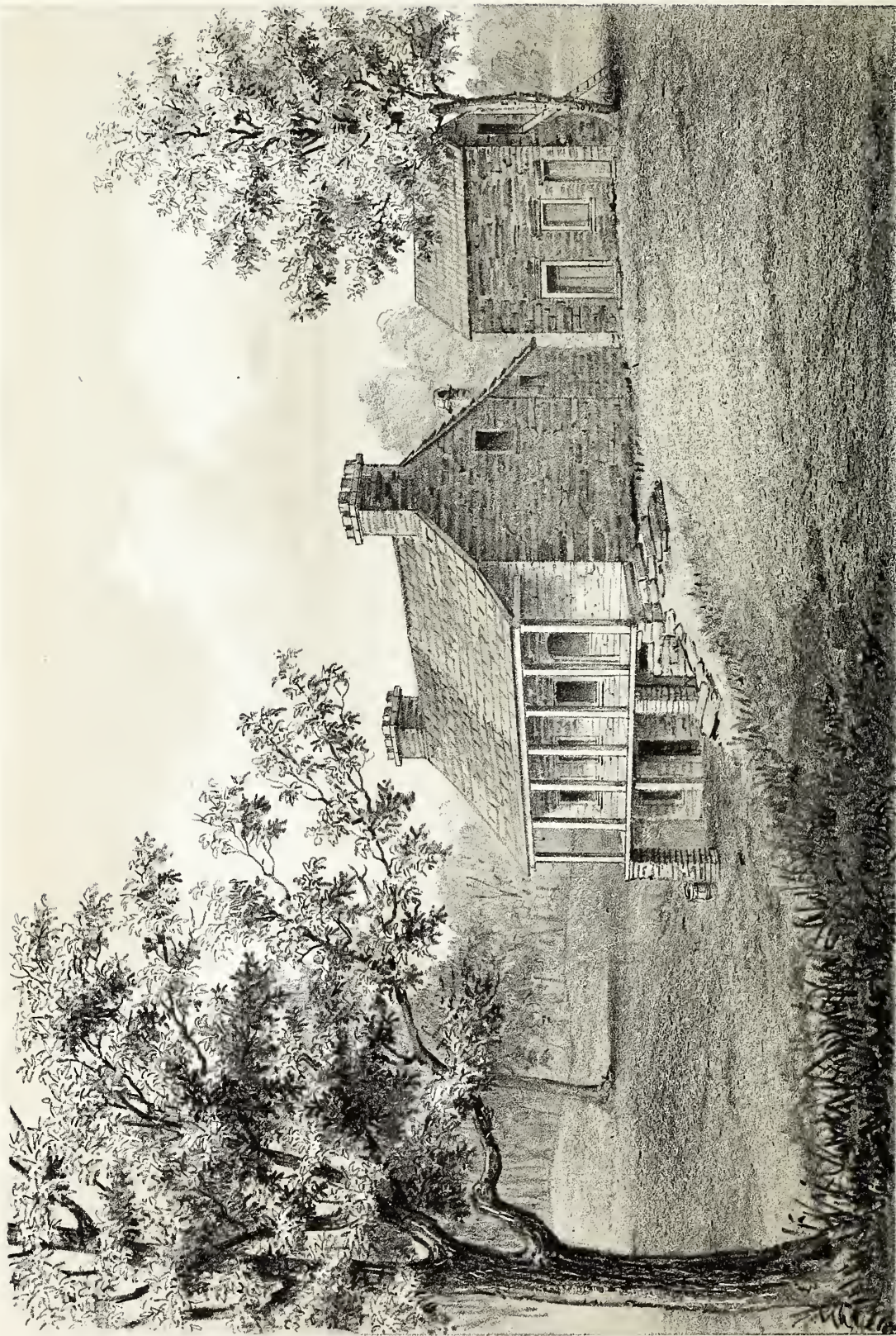
THIS venerable house stands where it always has stood, as a relic of other days and years. It was the property of Mr. Jacob Cassell and his wife Margaretta. They here resided a great number of years prior to their passing into eternity, and reared a large family of children. All of whom have died, except Mr. Joseph Cassell, of Baltimore, himself now in extreme old age, with a heart full of faith and the Holy Ghost, leaning upon his staff, and waiting the coming of his Lord. Mr. Jacob Cassell and his wife, prior to Mr. Strawbridge's coming on Sam's creek, were members of the German Reformed Church, sometimes called Mr. Otterbeine's. He was a Marylander, by birth, and she from Pennsylvania. He was a man of great firmness and decision of character, and when once convinced of the truth, not easily moved from his steadfastness. He was induced to hear Mr. Strawbridge, when he first came to the neighborhood, and was immediately awakened to a sense of his condition. On returning to his home he inquired for his fiddle, an old family piece, which he had made himself, and of which he was passionately fond. When brought to him, he broke it across his knee, and put it into the stove. That was the last of his fiddle, though he was quite an adept at playing, and prior to the change which had taken place in him took great delight in performing upon it.

As has been said, the former occupants and owners of this now ancient dwelling place have all passed away, and it now belongs to Mr. Jacob Cassell, (familiarily termed "Uncle Jake," by all the young folks,) a son of Mr. James Cassell. It was built by its former proprietor, in 1758, two years before either Embury or Strawbridge emigrated to America; the date of its erection is cut over the door. Subsequently, he built an addition to the end of it. It stands alone, by itself, as a memorial of days long since passed into eternity. Could it now tell its history and the part it bore in those early times, connected with the rise of Methodism in this country, thrilling would be the narrative. Frequently were its doors opened to the people of God, who assembled there for purposes of worship; sometimes to unite their voices in meetings for prayer, and sometimes to hear the Word of Life dispensed. Frequently, the Rev. Daniel Stansbury (a man of precious memory) would come over from Liberty, where he resided, and preach for them. Sometimes Noah Fiddler, another pioneer of the gospel, would declare the word to those assembled. Many

were the stricken ones, who sought and found pardon in believing on the Lord Jesus. Mr. Stansbury afterwards removed to this city and carried on the tailoring business, and here, finally, finished his course in great peace.

This house stood upon the main county road, which ran down immediately in front of it. On one occasion, in the early part of autumn, 1790, the neighbors had assembled for a flax meeting, along the road, a short distance from the house; they had taken with them a large stone jug, made in England, for the purpose of holding some drinking water, which at this time and others, they used to bury partially in the earth to keep the water cool. When they had finished the work in which they were engaged they returned to the house, forgetting the jug. Sometime after, a man by the name of Billy Roberts, who lived on Pipe creek, some two miles below Mr. Cassell's, passed along the road, and found it. He took possession of it, and as he rode by the house, Mrs. Cassell was standing on the porch. He accosted her in the manner in which he was accustomed to speak, and said, "*Mrs. Cassell, I have found up the road this jug, so I have, so I have, and I will have it, so I will, so I will, if nobody wants it.*" Mrs. Cassell soon dispelled his pleasure at the prospect of owning the jug, by informing him that it was her property, and had been sent out from England by a sister of hers, and moreover, was prized very highly in the family. This little story is introduced here, as the occasion of saying, that one of the drawings our artist has made of this venerable structure, represents Mrs. Cassell and Billy Roberts, as engaged in this conversation. The other drawing of the same house was taken for the purpose of getting a likeness (and a most excellent one it is) of "Uncle Jake," as I held him by the hand, and thus detained him in conversation, while, unknown to him, Mr. Ruckle transferred him, as he then appeared, to the paper.

Leonard Cassell was, at that time, a youth, noted for wickedness; he feared nothing, and when provoked to it, would attack the stoutest men. When his change took place, he was noted for fearlessness in piety, as before he had been for fearlessness in wickedness. On one occasion, whilst with Joseph and some others of their companions, early on Sabbath morning, they were on their way to meeting, as they passed their father's mill, which stood a short distance from the dwelling, Mrs. Sullivan (the wife of Cornelius Sullivan, the miller, who was a Romanist) asked them to come in. After some hesitation, they complied with her request and went in. Mr. Sullivan, who was in the room, said to Leonard, "*Well, Leonard, I have heard that you have made a fool of yourself, and have joined those noisy, hallooing Methodists.*" Leonard instantly answered him by saying, "*Yes, Mr. Sullivan, I have joined the Methodists, and if by so doing I have made a fool of myself, I have made a fool of myself for Christ's sake.*" This answer of the youthful follower of Christ at once silenced his elder antagonist, who said no more.



T. C. Ruckle.

JESSE DURBINS' HOUSE, 1767.

Lith. by A. Brown & Co. Boston

Mr. Durbin's Old House.

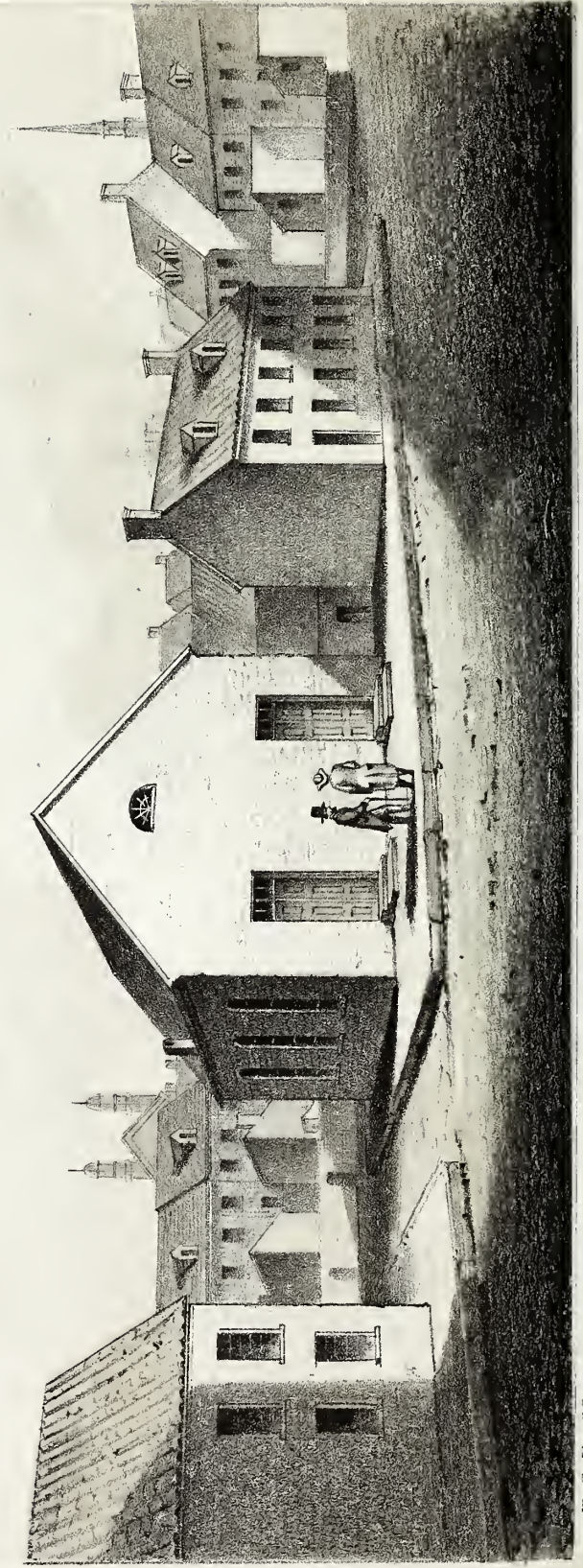
"The old house by the lindens
 Stood silent,
And on the well worn pathway
 The light and shadow played.
But they walked not 'neath the lindens,
 Who once were in this hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
 Were hanging over all."

Longfellow.

Jesse Durbin's House.

THIS is a strongly built house, old and antiquated ; it shows how rude, in one sense, yet convenient, in another, were the places where our Father's worshiped God, and took sweet counsel together. Often in the quietness of the evening, when the bustle and tumult of the day was over, were they accustomed to meet together for purposes of prayer and other exercises, that were best calculated to strengthen their confidence, build them up in their most holy faith, and thus enabled them to spread the triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom. Mr. Durbin's dwelling, like those of Mr. Cassell and Mr. Willis, was frequently the place of assemblages of the people, where God made bare his arm most gloriously in the conversion of souls. Could it speak its own history, doubtless, like as was said about the aforementioned houses, it would tell a story that would make our hearts rejoice at the fervor and simplicity of those seasons that caused the ears of sinners to tingle, and the hearts of God's children to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This, however, is at this late day impossible, and we are left to conjecture only on this interesting topic. All of that early day have passed away, and of the meetings they held we now know comparatively little. Being men of God, fervent in spirit, of great simplicity and sincerity, they had gracious access to the throne of Divine Grace in their prayers, and great was the result, as seen in their assemblages together. Many were cut to the heart, as may be learned from their descendants, and many were made to rejoice in the Lord. They were engaged in a noble cause. They laid the foundation deep, broad, and permanent, for all time to come, of that work which we now enjoy in the "fullness of God." The blessings of which in turn our children, and children's children, we trust, will never cease to be partakers of. The same God rules in the armies of earth and heaven ; the same throne of grace, sprinkled by the all atoning blood of the Lamb, is accessible ; prayer and supplication, offered in faith, are at this day, as in that, all availing ; surely then, we have but to present ourselves before the throne, in godly sincerity and simplicity,

and offer up our petitions with the same fervor, to cause them to be heard in heaven and answered on earth. Great must be the company of those who believe. Let us then apply ourselves diligently to the task, and God will assuredly roll back upon us those Apostolic days of fire and success.



T. C. Buckle

OLD LOVELY LANE CHURCH
BALTIMORE, Md.

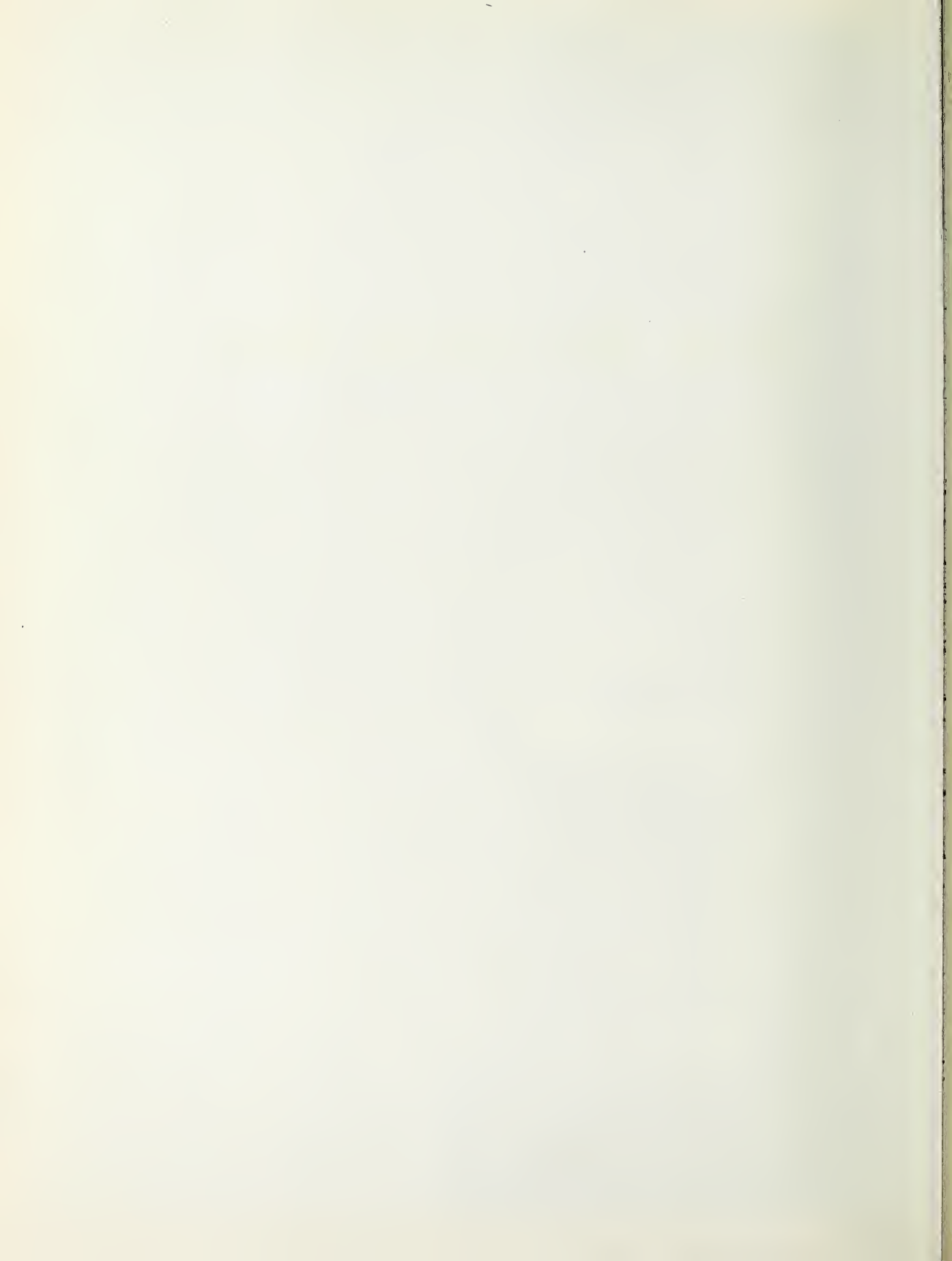
Engr. by A. H. H. & Co. Balto.

Lovely Lane Meeting House.

The earliest consecrated house
To Methodists here known;
Here souls were early won to Christ,
That find with Him a home.

Now, sounds of busy life are heard,
Where once saints met to pray,
And careless tones of mirth and song
From passers by each day.

So change must pass in time on all
Our temples framed for prayer,
Then may our spirit's home be heaven,
No change can enter there !

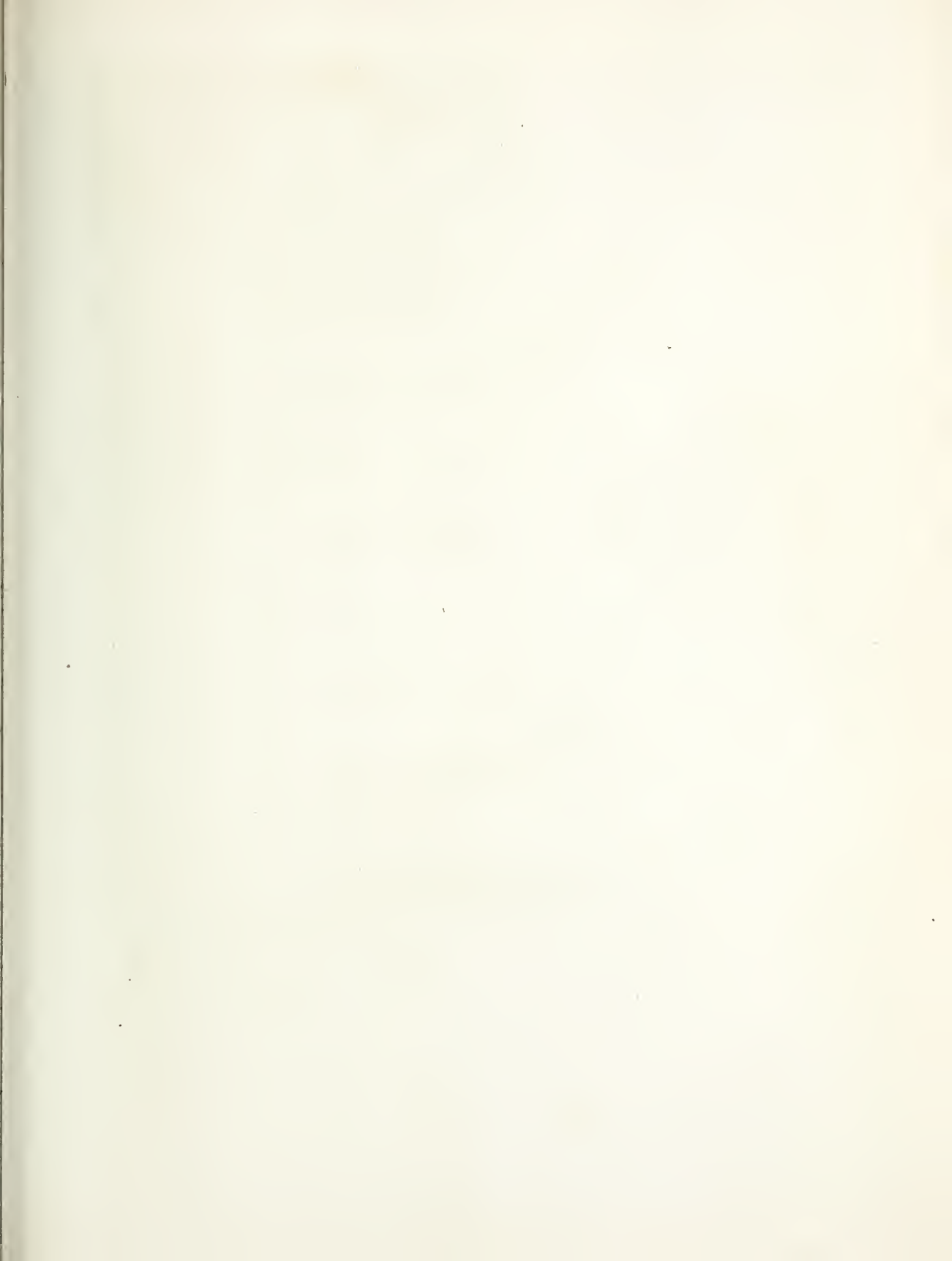


Lovely Lane Meeting House.

THIS Meeting House was an humble structure, located in Lovely Lane, which lies immediately south of Baltimore street, running from Calvert to South street. The history of this first Methodist Meeting House west of Jones' Falls, and which has long since been removed, and its precise site scarcely known, reveals the following facts : On February 11, 1774, William Moore and Philip Rogers took up a subscription towards building a church, and secured a lot for that purpose. In April, 1774, the foundation of the house was laid. In October, of the same year, the building was so far completed that Captain Webb, the British officer, and faithful pioneer local preacher, delivered his gospel message to the congregation assembled therein. In May, 1776, the first Conference of Methodist preachers, held in Baltimore, took place in this Meeting House. The first three Conferences had been held in Philadelphia.

In December, 1784, the most important epoch in the history of American Methodism occurred, which has given to the *Lovely Lane Meeting House*, and to the preachers assembled on that occasion, a commanding position in the religious history of this country. The Methodist Societies in the United States were here organized into the "*Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America*," and Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D., and Rev. Francis Asbury became the first Bishops of the church.

From this humble church building went forth that efficient church organization, which, under the blessing of God, has filled the land with glorious fruit. The rapid growth of Methodism, soon rendered the Lovely Lane Meeting House too limited to accommodate the people, and arrangements were made for the erection of a large and commodious church, in the centre of the city. Thereafter, the Lovely Lane Meeting House was vacated, and the congregation removed to the first Light Street Methodist Episcopal Church.





T. C. Ruckle.

OLD LIGHT ST. M. E. CHURCH 1779.

Lith. by A. Horn & Co. Balto.

First Light Street Church.

The olden pile, where holy men,
Preached Christ, the crucified ;
The Asburys and Georges
Spirits, now glorified.

Their feet once trod those sacred aisles,
Their voices joined in prayer,
And through all changes that have come,
Their influence lingers there.

First Light-st. Methodist E. Church.

NEVER was a kind and liberal mother more entitled to the grateful remembrance of her happy and prosperous children than is Light Street Methodist Episcopal Church, standing as she does in the midst of churches and chapels, which may be properly regarded as branches of the grand old vine which our fathers planted, near the close of the past century.

The prosperity of her children is the crown of her rejoicing in the Lord; she has not been bereaved of her children, they still live. The number of the family at the early homestead has been lessened by the establishment of other churches, but children and mother are alike endeavoring to advance the interests of Messiah's kingdom.

The family record is interesting, and is often consulted, to the fourth generation, to ascertain the dealings of God to an honored and useful family. Some lived to maturity, others died in childhood, but the memory of all is precious. All religious movements have not been successful; some have failed in their infancy, but others have prospered, and still have a name and a dwelling place. We propose, in this Centenary of American Methodism, to consult the family record of our church in Baltimore city, that the generations to come may read and know of the wonderful works of the Lord in the days of our fathers.

We select as our standpoint of observation, Light Street Church. This is eminently proper, from the antecedents of this old sanctuary, as also, from the mighty results which have been achieved through its instrumentality.

No place for Divine worship is more generally known among the Methodist community, and none has ever received more marked respect than this old citadel of American Methodism.

This denominational interest in Light Street Church, has arisen in part from the numerous Conferences, both annual and general, which have convened therein. The decisions of the pioneer ministry, which were enunciated in that church, and which aided in

giving form and stability to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, have entered into the permanent history of the times in which they lived.

Some of these assemblages of ministers were seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; the earnest simplicity, burning zeal, and acknowledged piety of the early Methodist preachers were signally owned by the Lord Jesus Christ, and their meetings for consultation on the affairs of the church were often crowned with the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and with the conversion of many precious souls.

Probably, more of the great lights of Methodism, from all sections of the United States, have held forth the Word of Life in Light Street Church, than in any other place of public worship on the American continent.

The first church was located on the northwest corner of Light street and Wine alley. The building was commenced in August, 1785, being 46 feet front by 70 feet deep.

On May 21st, 1786, the church was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God by Bishop Asbury; subject in the morning, Psalms lxxxiv, 10; in the evening, 1st Kings ix, 6—9.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, had now acquired a house of worship of respectable style, commodious and favorably located.

The subject of liberal education engaged the attention of Bishops Coke and Asbury, and their early fellow laborers. Cokesbury College was erected at Abingdon, Harford County, Maryland, and was opened by Bishop Asbury, on the 10th of December, 1787; subject, 2d Kings iv, 40. The building and necessary apparatus cost upwards of ten thousand pounds. The success of the college during its brief career, was highly satisfactory. On December 4th, 1795, the college was destroyed by fire, the act of a base incendiary, who escaped detection and merited punishment.

The Methodists of Baltimore, rallied to the relief of the church, to repair this disheartening calamity, a large and elegant Assembly Room, which stood on the lot where the present Light Street Church stands, was purchased, and Cokesbury College was reopened under favorable auspices.

A sad trial awaited the first Light Street Church and the second Cokesbury College. Mr. Patrick Colvin, father of the late Miss Rachel Colvin, departed this life; his mortal remains were borne to Light Street Church, December 4th, 1796. Rev. Henry Willis was officiating on the occasion; in the midst of the solemn service, a cry of fire was heard, the flames were issuing from a contiguous building, and in a short time the first Light Street Church and the second Cokesbury College were smouldering ruins. It was remarkable that this destructive fire occurred precisely in one year after the loss of the first col-

lege by conflagration. Now church and college were both destroyed, leaving Baltimore Methodism without a house of worship, west of Jones' Falls. This catastrophe, awoke valuable sympathy among the citizens of Baltimore; and the members and friends of the church immediately projected the building of a new and commodious edifice. It was deemed expedient not to re-establish the college, under the circumstances, but to await the future openings of Divine Providence in relation to that subject.

The Present Light Street Church.

Let it be remembered, that this building does not occupy the site of the first church, the present lot is on the south west corner of Light Street and Wine Alley, being the opposite corner to the one previously occupied. The deed of trust for this property, is from Daniel Grant to James McCannon, William Hawkins, Isaac Burneston, Samuel Owings, John Hagerty, Job Smith, Caleb Hewitt, Walter Simpson and Philip Rogers. The price paid for the lot was £5,360, Maryland currency.

On October 29, 1797, being about ten months after the loss of the first church, Bishop Asbury dedicated the new *Light Street Church*.

For nearly seventy years, this landmark has remained in national peace and war; loyally devoted to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to the Government of the United States. The church has been extensively remodelled and improved, in its interior arrangements; and is occupied by a class of intelligent, useful and liberal people.

The encroachments of business upon the centre of the city have left but few families residing near the church. The erection of other prosperous churches have properly drawn away many who had strong ties to the mother church; these causes have diminished the congregation, but a glorious future is predicted for those who still sustain this place of worship, and who contemplate the future erection of a Monumental Methodist Episcopal Church, which may furnish ample material for the future historian.

The Preachers' House, or Parsonage, at the rear of Light Street Church, has been occupied for nearly seventy years, by the beloved and honored pastors of the station. Plain, upretentious, comfortable and retired, it has been the temporary home of Bishops and other visiting ministers.

The *Conference Room* located in the upper story of the Preachers' House, has an interesting history. It was first used as a private academy, for the instruction of youth. In the year 1801, the *Male Free School of Baltimore*, was organized and occupied the

room for school purposes, until the institution was removed to the new building on Courtland street which was erected in the year 1812.

In the year 1810, the Baltimore Annual Conference assembled for the first time in what has been known from that period, as the Conference Room at the rear of Light Street Church. Annual and Quarterly Conferences, Leaders and Preachers' Meetings, Sabbath Schools, Prayer Meetings and important church committees, have occasionally occupied it from that time to the present.

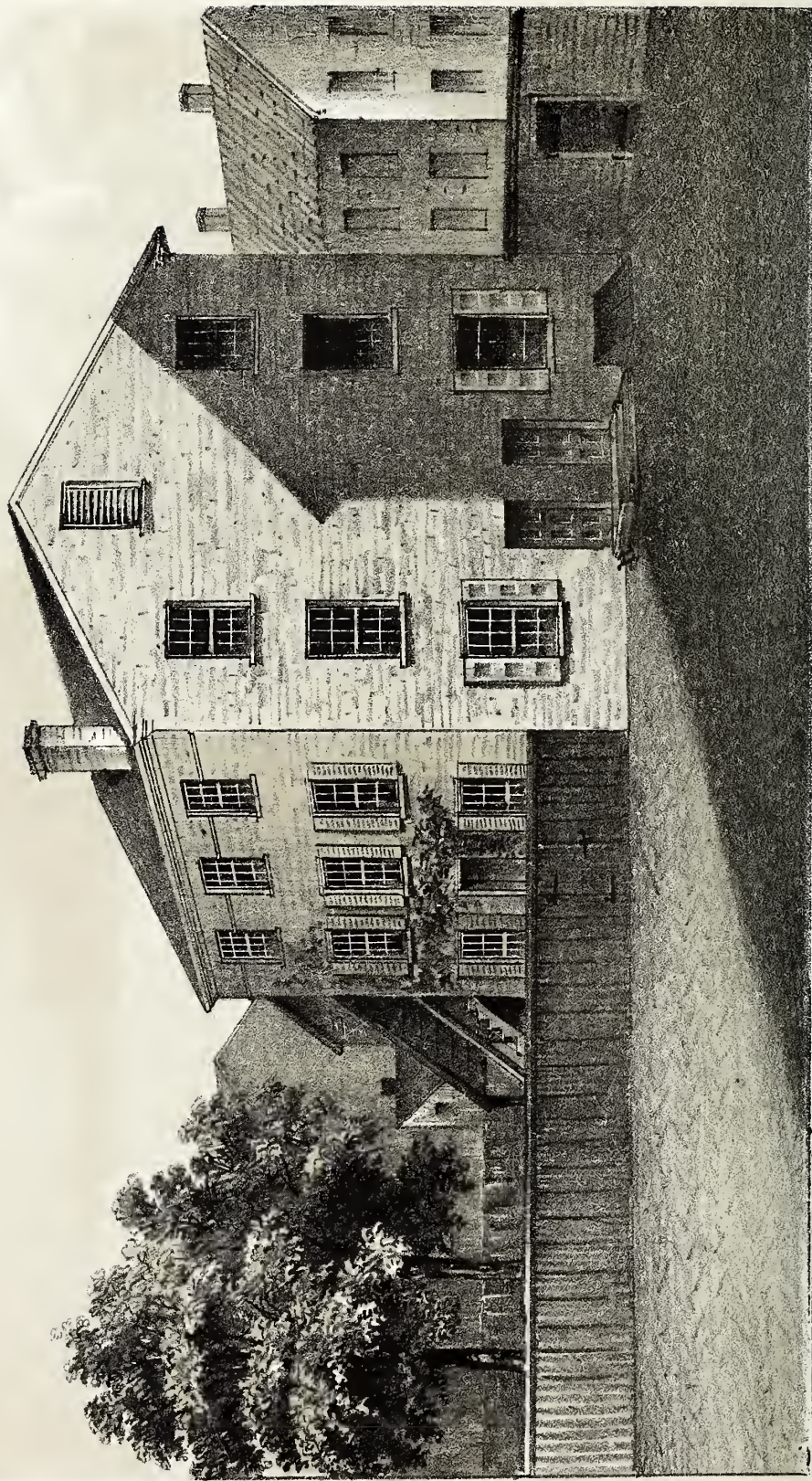
The *Sabbath School Building*, immediately south of the church, was erected in the year 1843, Bishop Waugh, of precious memory, laid the corner-stone with appropriate services, the building was designed to accommodate the *Asbury Sunday School, No. 1*, which was organized in the year 1816, and which for many years had been conducted in the room of the Male Free School on Courtland street. The Sabbath School of Light Street Church, is in a prosperous condition, and conducted by faithful and efficient officers and teachers.

Other objects of interest remain unnoticed, a more extensive historical sketch was not contemplated, and this interesting history must be abruptly terminated.

What hath God wrought! from the days of Robert Strawbridge and John King, in Maryland, and especially in Baltimore City?

“Could the first sower, see and hear,
As we, this Centenary year;
Amazed that seed from Erin old,
Should thus produce a million fold.

And now to Him shall glory be,
To none, O Holy Christ, but thee;
Thy mighty hand the work hath done,
And all these souls for glory won.”



T. C. Ruckle

OLD PARSONAGE
LIGHT ST. BALTIMORE

Lith. by A. Horn & Co. Balto.

Old Parsonage House.

Here came the minister at eve,
Home to his own fireside,
With his children playing at his knee,
His wife close by his side.
What thrilling memories awake
At names of by-gone days,
Asbury, Soule, Sargent and George
Here met with prayer and praise :
To them no fairer place was known
Than this, the spot they called their home !

Old Parsonage House, Light-st.

THIS relic of by-gone days, stands immediately in the rear of the present Light Street Church, which is situated a few feet south of the *first* Light Street Church, and was burned down, December 4th, 1796. The church is located some short distance south of Baltimore Street. The Parsonage is still used for the dwelling of the preacher in charge of the City Station, and is now occupied by their most excellent pastor, Rev. Lyttleton F. Morgan, D. D.

This old house has been a part and parcel of Methodism nearly from the beginning, and is connected with all that is interesting in the history of the church. During the existence of the first church it was used as a dressing room for the hall, that then occupied the site on the front; this hall was burned down, setting fire at the same time to the church, which stood on the opposite corner of a very narrow alley (Wine alley) which passed between them.

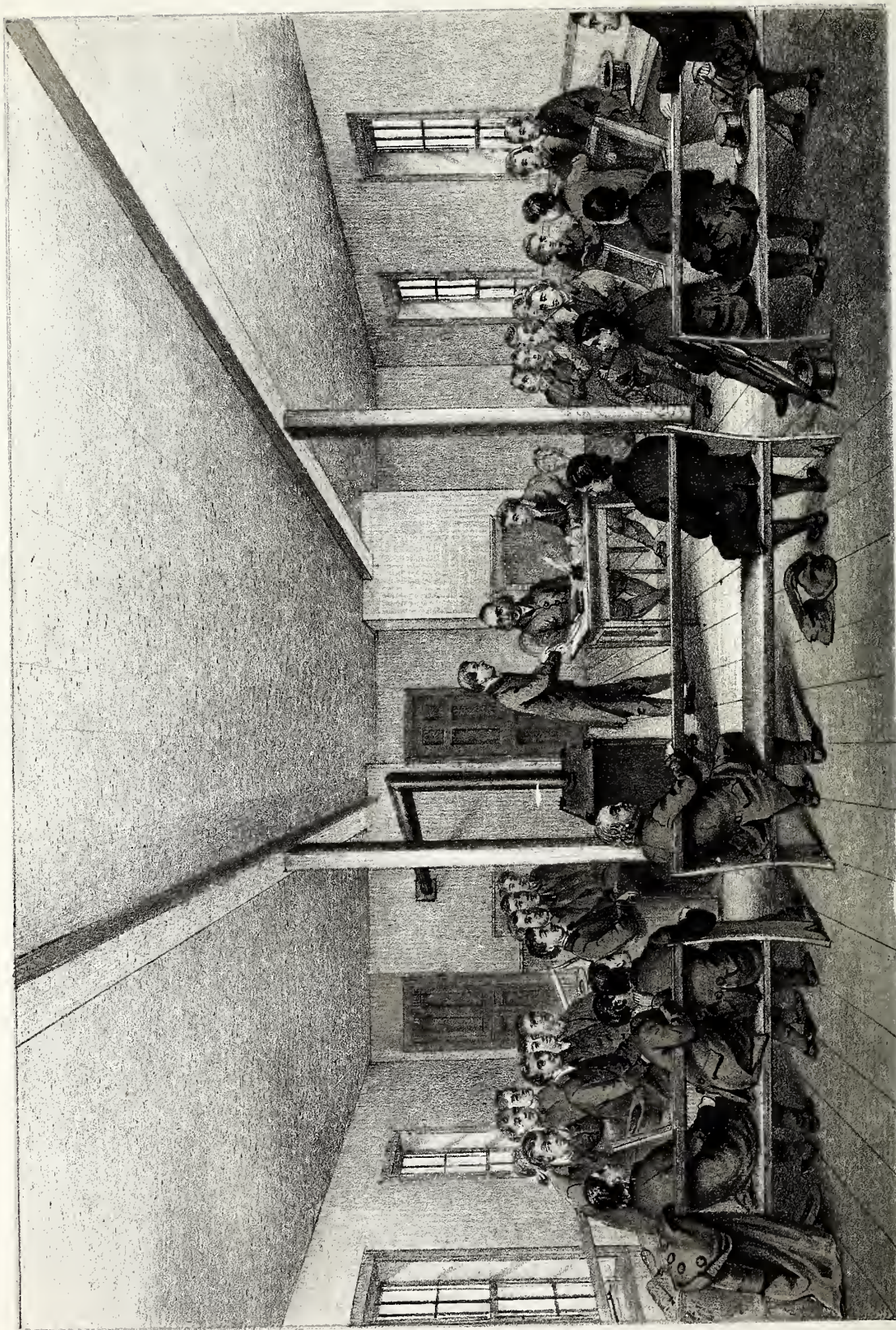
Many anecdotes are told of this place in those years, which we believe to be authentic. Among others, that the proprietors of this Ball Room, were in the habit of holding their assemblies, on the same nights in which the Methodists were accustomed to hold their week night meetings, hoping that this might prove so annoying to them as to make it necessary for them to alter in some way, they did not care how, their field of labor. But this manœuvre on their part, proved to have the very opposite effect intended by them. The houses being so close together became a blessing; God seeing not as man seeth. When they were both in the field of operations, the one dancing and the other engaged in preaching and praying, those engaged in dancing would frequently go to the windows and look into the church where preaching was then being held, and singing the songs of Zion, and prayer was being made. Many of those people were so influenced by what they heard and saw on those occasions, as to become weary of dancing, and ceased to attend at once. Some of them turned their steps toward the house of God, and were eventually brought into the fold of Christ.

This Ball Room was finally abandoned and burnt down. The Methodists possessed themselves of the lot for their new church, and turned the dressing room into a parsonage for their preachers. Eventually the garret rooms were thrown into one, by the removal of the partitions, and by supporting the roof by large pillars. After the destruction of Cokesbury College at Abingdon, by a similar catastrophe, the school was removed to Baltimore, and located in this room. It was after this occupied as the Male Free School of Baltimore, under the Rev. D. E. Reese as Principal. This school was originated at the time the yellow fever first scourged this city, by the late Rev. George Roberts, who had remained at his post throughout the whole of the time the epidemic prevailed. So many children were cast out upon the world by the death of their parents, that the Doctor's heart was moved within him to found this school for the melioration of their condition. It was supported by the contributions of the generous of every denominational persuasion. At the present time that school occupies a building on Courtland street, and has been enlarged by adding a department for female pupils. Because of the legacy left the trustees, by the late Miss Rachel Colvin, of \$10,000, it has been placed on a more permanent footing, and is not dependent at present upon public collections. It still remains one of the noblest monuments that grace this Monumental City.

The old parsonage, in so far as the entrance to it is concerned, has been modernized. Within a few years the front door has been made to enter on the side of the house, and what was originally the preachers' office, now forms a passage to the dwelling. Many are the reminiscences of this old house, which if narrated would tell a history of deepest interest to the Methodists of Baltimore, but we forbear. In it is the identical room, adjoining the Bishops,' where the late Rev. Nicholas Snethen wrote his memorable defence of Bishop Asbury, in reply to the pamphlet issued by Rev. James O'Kelly.

Here, too, the Bishop rested for awhile in his visits to Baltimore, in the years which followed. From the church adjoining, his remains were borne to the tomb, during the session of the General Conference of 1816, attended by the Conference and a vast concourse of citizens, who were deeply affected by the loss they had sustained. They were buried beneath the pulpit of Eutaw Street Church, in a vault prepared for the purpose, by the trustees of the station. The chief mourners on this occasion, were the Rev. Henry Boehm, for many years his traveling companion, and the Rev. John W. Bond, who fulfilled that mission at the time of the Bishop's death. The former of these still lingers on this side Jordan, and has now numbered more than 91 years; the latter of the two named, has gone to his rest and reward in heaven.

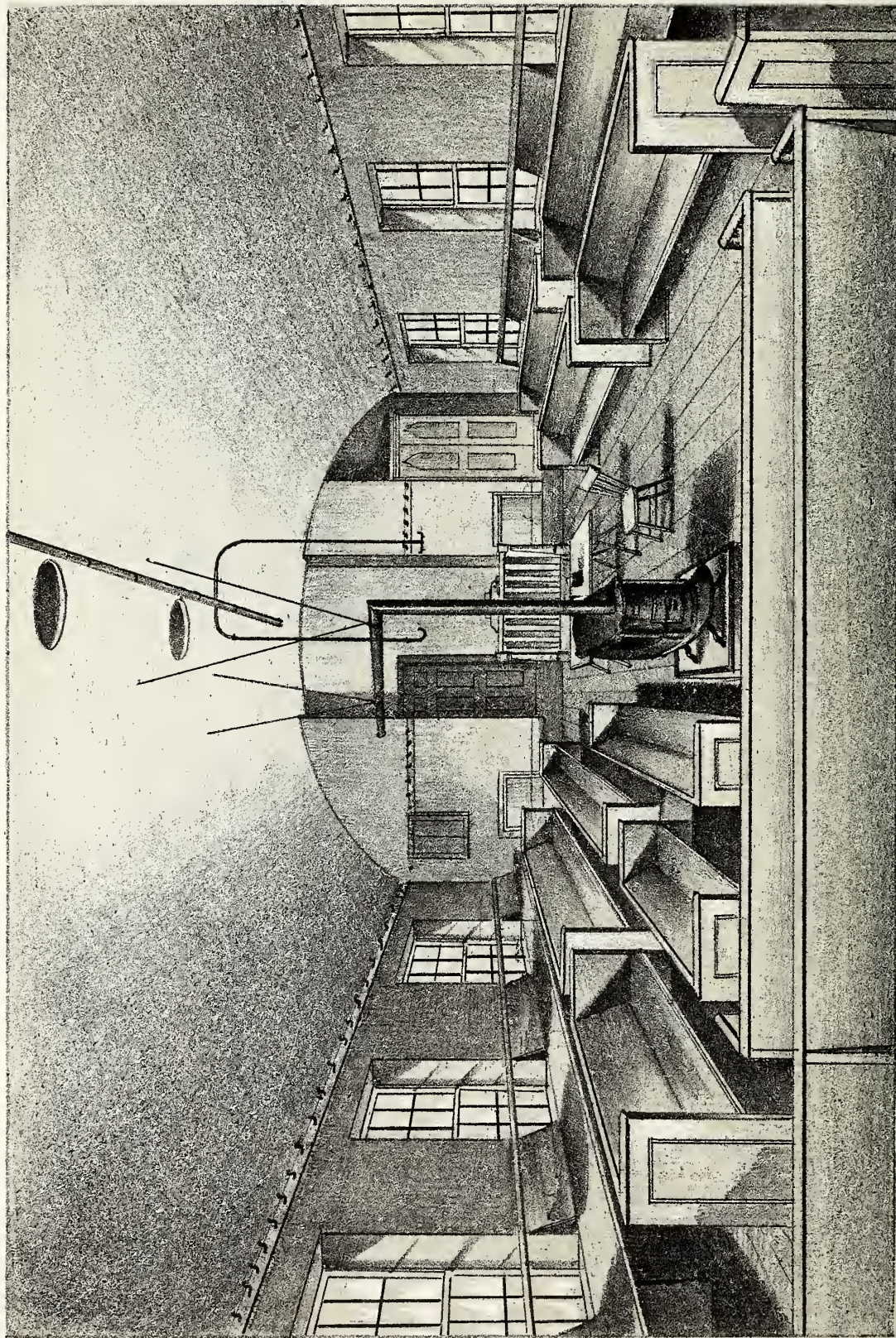




Lith. by A. Allen & Co. Balto.

CONFERENCE ROOM
Light Street, Baltimore.

T. C. Rucke



T. C. Ruckde.

CONFERENCE ROOM Light Street, Baltimore.

Lith. by A. Hoen & Co. Balto.

Old Conference Room.

“These were the living lights :
 Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Methodism, toward the flame
Come, as the Magi came,
 Toward Bethlehem’s star.
These were the great of earth—
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well proved worth—
 Firm hearts and true.”

Present Appearance of the Conference Room.

“Gone are those great and good,
Who here in peril stood
 And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead !
The light that on their head
A hundred years have shed,
 Shall ne’er grow dim.

“Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
 Guard well your trust ;
The faith that dared the sea ;
The truth that made them free ;
Their cherished purity ;
 Their garnered dust.”

Old Conference Room.

WHEN the school ceased to be held in this room, it was used exclusively for the purpose of holding all the official meetings of the church in the City Station, and likewise as the place of sitting of the Baltimore Annual Conference; hence its appellation of the *Old Conference Room*. Indeed it was the place where the Baltimore Annual Conference was held, until the desire was fostered of holding it in some of the churches; then followed the practice of making the sessions public, before which, they were private. A custom by the way, which would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. Many, if not all of the matters brought to the notice of the Conference should be considered with closed doors. Business we are convinced would be better and more rapidly done, and the Conference itself be held in higher estimate.

The room is approached by a flight of steps, which have been erected outside of the building, entirely separated from all the domestic arrangements of the family. From time almost immemorial has this building, in so far as the Conference Room is concerned, been the observed of all observers; here everything that in anywise tended to the interests of the church, in the form of business, has been transacted; in this room, again and again, have subjects fraught with good to the church been the subject of discussion. In this place were our fathers accustomed to meet regularly from time to time, on weekly and quarterly occasions.

So intimate are we with all concerned, that we can, at the present day, point out the exact places occupied by many of them. Our fathers, where are they? They have gone to their eternal home in heaven; they "*have fought the good fight,*" they "*have kept the faith,*" and have received from the hands of God "*a crown of eternal life.*" How far their sons are treading in their footsteps it is not meet that we should say. They occupy, in the church of God, *their places*, let that be enough said. May they never tarnish the fair escutcheon that has been transmitted to them.

The plate represents this room as it used to be in the early days of the church; an Annual Conference being in session, with Bishop Asbury in the chair.



Lith. by A. Benson & Co. Boston.

T. C. Ruckle

REV. DR. GEO. ROBERTS.

Rev. Dr. George Roberts.

BY REV. MR. HAMILTON.

Fully ripe, like the ear of the reaper,
He met the pale messenger's word,
Oh sweet is the sleep of the sleeper,
Who rests in the name of the Lord.

He slumbers at length with his fathers,
Secure from the tempests of time,
For the storm that on earth often gathers,
Is unknown in that heavenly clime.

They have placed the cold earth on his ashes,
They have given him up to the tomb,
But the light of his virtue still flashes,
The pathway of truth to illumine.

He is dead, but his memory still liveth,
He is gone, his example is here,
And the lustre and fragrance it giveth,
Shall linger for many a year.

He stood in the might of his weakness,
The snows of long years on his head,
And sublime with a Patriarch's meekness,
The gospel of Jesus he spread.

The path of the faithful he noted,
The way of the humble he trod,
And his life was with ardor devoted,
To the cause of religion and God.

Like the sun of a midsummer even,
When unclouded it sinks in the west,
His departure was brightened from heaven,
With a cheering assurance of rest.

Calm, and soft, and serene was the slumber
Preluding his glorious rise,
And free from all cares that encumber
The moment he winged to the skies.

Rev. George Roberts, M. D.

OF the early history of the late Dr. Roberts but little, comparatively, is known. So studiously did he avoid committing anything to paper with reference to himself, that after his death not a dozen lines could be found among all his papers on the subject. What was written by him many years prior to his death concerning his eventful life, at the earnest solicitation of one of his intimate friends, was only done on the express condition that it should be destroyed after he had gratified himself in the perusal of it. This is the more to be lamented, when we reflect how intimately connected his life was with the early establishment and propagation of Methodism in many parts of the country, more especially the New England States. The author of these recollections is necessarily compelled, then, to depend upon what was gathered in the numerous opportunities of conversation with him with which he was favored during his life, and also from what can be obtained from his friends in different parts of the country. It is with no small degree of diffidence he approaches the subject, under all these disadvantages, and nothing short of an intense desire to rescue from oblivion, as far as may be possible, what is so interesting to the church and world, would ever have enabled him to obtain his own consent to grapple with these difficulties.

The parents of Dr. Roberts early emigrated to this country from England, and settled themselves finally in Talbot county, State of Maryland, in the neighborhood of Easton, in what is called the Chapel District. It is not certainly known whether my father was born there, or whether, when very young, he made up a part of the emigrating party. It is believed, however, that he was not born until after his parents had settled themselves in this country. At present there is not a member of his family, or any of their descendants in existence from whom to gather information on this subject. His parents and three sisters were called from earth away before him, and lastly, he himself, the only surviving member, has fallen beneath the feet of the "Pale Horse and his rider," leaving behind him no written statements of this interesting part of his life.

His father was a practical farmer, and consequently, the early part of my father's life was spent in the like vocation. The place of his residence was small, and not more than sufficient to maintain his family in the most humble manner, so that their circumstances, though comfortable, were greatly contracted, so much so that my father was often employed by others in the neighborhood to assist them in the labors connected with the tillage of their farms. So amiable and kind was he to all, that he became proverbial for his gentleness and goodness; sometimes shown by filling with fruit the boxes of the carriages of those who came to the humble dwelling of his parents for the purpose of employing his mother in the weaving of apparel for themselves and others, and always by every attention to them personally. In this he was doubtless influenced by the mild and amiable disposition of his mother, who was a member of the church, together with his sister, and who was looked upon by those who knew her as a most excellent woman. Thus straitened in his temporal circumstances it must be supposed, as was the fact, that his opportunities for improvement and education were few and far between. What was obtained by him was chiefly by dint of persevering application after the labors of the day were over, and during those seasons when more time was afforded. So ardent was he in the pursuit of knowledge, that he has been heard to say to his children, as an incentive to exertion, that when but a boy he used frequently to read such books as he could then obtain by the light of the fire in the chimney place, the circumstances of his parents not justifying the use of candles.

After the death of his father, which occurred when he was but a mere youth, the management of the little place, on the account of his mother, fell to him. This he continued to attend to until he entered the itinerant connection of the Methodist Episcopal Church. When but a boy, his mind became deeply exercised on the subject of his personal salvation, through what instrumentality is not known at present; most probably, however, the reflections of his own mind, under the reading of the Word of God, influenced by the teachings and guidance of the Divine Spirit, led to his awakenings and subsequent conversion. Often was he known, at this time, to spend hours in the fields in prayer and reading the Holy Scriptures. Doubtless, to his early and continued attachment to the Bible may be attributed his great success in after life in wielding its Divine precepts and promises to the discomfiture of Satan and the furtherance of the cause of God, in the salvation of precious and immortal souls. Many of his spiritual children yet live to testify their grateful recollection of his labors and virtues, and many more, doubtless, are now mingling, with him, their ascriptions of praise "to Him that loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood, and made them kings and priests unto God and His Father."

Equally manifest was his attachment to the means of grace. Often has he been known, after the toils of the field were over for the day, to walk miles to attend a meeting for prayer, and afterward to be after midnight before he had an opportunity to lie down, in order to take what rest could be obtained in four or five hours sleep, to prepare him again for the duties of the ensuing day. Oh, that in these latter days there was manifest among all our young people such fervent attachment to our excellent means of grace, both public and private! Then, indeed, would their after years be more fruitful to themselves and the church of God at large.

It was not very long after his awakening, that through hearty repentance and strong faith in the precious blood of Christ, he was brought to a saving acquaintance with the Redeemer, in the direct witness of the Spirit, to the pardon of all his sins.

Subsequently, from that period his attachment to the means of grace continued to increase, and a burning zeal for the salvation of his fellow men was daily manifesting itself, acceptably to some of his associates in the church, which zeal led him to yield to the solicitations of others to exhortation as well as prayer in their different meetings. He received license to exhort at a Quarterly Meeting, held at the Trappe, Talbot county, Maryland, signed by the Rev. James White, at that time the preacher in charge of the circuit. About two years after, he was called by the Rev. Joseph Everett to a circuit in the State of Delaware. As might be expected, because of the very slender opportunities afforded him for mental improvement, his first efforts at public speaking were not generally received so favorably. Indeed, it was through much opposition, that at this period of his life he was permitted to speak at all. His burning zeal, however, led him onward, and backed by his unexceptionable walk, disposed some to notice him, among whom was the venerable and now sainted Asbury. This Apostle of Methodism in this country then doubtless saw in him the first fruits of what he believed to be a rich harvest. Subsequent developments prove conclusively that he erred not in his judgment. Until the day of his death, this excellent servant of God and the church, entertained for my father the most ardent attachment, and placed in him the most unlimited confidence. This was shown by his often placing him in the most responsible stations as a preacher, in the church, and by his extensive epistolary correspondence with him.

The early difficulties thrown in his own way, impressed him until the day of his death favorably on the behalf of young men, exercised with reference to preaching the Gospel. This led him, where other circumstances gave signs of usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord, to aid and advocate the cause of all those, even where a deficiency of opportunities for mental culture was greatly manifest. On one occasion during his subsequent life,

when in the Providence of God he was led to great influence in the official body to which he was attached, whilst advocating the cause of one who was somewhat deficient in his knowledge of grammar and correct pronunciation, he closed his appeal by stating to the meeting that he once knew a preacher, similarly circumstanced, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, who was manifestly owned of God as the instrument of correcting a most provoking evil. Those living on a certain water course, where oysters were abundant, were accustomed at leisure times to go out and collect them for depositing in beds in the water more convenient to their dwellings, where they could be had when wanted, without much labor, especially on occasions when much time could not be appropriated to this purpose. There were some, however, in their neighborhood who used privately to visit those beds, and rob them of the best of their deposits. Great clamoring about the robberies was of course the consequence. It came to the ears of the preacher, who on one occasion when visiting their neighborhood, in the performance of his ministerial duties, chose for his text, Luke xix, 21, "For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man; thou takest up that thou laidest not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow." Being rather deficient himself in the correct pronunciation of words, he read his text "Thou art an oyster man; thou takest up that thou laidest not down, etc." However foreign from the true spirit and design of the text, he, under God, delivered them such a homily on stealing oysters, that, said the Doctor, they stole their neighbors' oysters no more. This simple and amusing anecdote was related with much gravity and force, and had the desired effect, in turning aside the gathering opposition to the individual whose cause he was pleading.

It is to be feared, even in our day, in these times of excitement on the subject of education, that unless great prudence and caution be constantly observed, some, whose opportunities have been but slender, may be effectually turned aside from a work to which God has manifestly called them. It ought not to be forgotten that God sends "by whom He will send," and in our day, as in the day of the prophet, may build His altars of stones, upon which the chisel and the square has never been placed. Far be it from me to utter one word which may be instrumental in retarding in the most distant manner the gracious work of education. None in the community hail with greater pleasure the efforts in our Zion now making to promote it; but, notwithstanding all this, it is to be feared that in some instances the desire for an educated ministry, manifestly increasing among us, may lead to the suppression of more humble laborers. The Lord avert it.

Authority being thus given to exhort, and subsequently as a local preacher, he constantly used them whenever opportunity afforded, which authority was afterwards used to the satisfaction and edification of the church, and to the convincing and conversion of pre-

cious souls. All of those who were his companions and associates in these labors of love, in their earliest developments, have long since been called to sleep in Christ, until the morning of the resurrection. Some few yet remain who recollect, and with comfort speak of his early efforts in preaching Christ—in private houses, in the rude and ungarnished temples of those times, as well as in the open air, beneath the shadows of their lofty and wide-spread oaks. His first efforts at preaching were made when he was about nineteen years of age. His zeal for God in the salvation of souls, led him often, though but a local preacher, to travel considerably through the country, to spread the savor of the Redeemer's name and knowledge. His youth and unpretending appearance led many, even in those piping days of opposition to Methodism, to go out to hear him; with what effect shall never be fully known, until that day when "the dead, small and great, stand before God," to be "judged out of those things written in the books according to their works." On one such occasion he visited Oxford, Talbot county, and preached to the great acceptance of those who crowded to the private dwelling to hear him, notwithstanding in the eyes of some he might have been somewhat conspicuous by his homely country dress and old woolen hat, with its crown kept in place by stitches of white country thread, here and there appearing.

His was a more noble and commanding work than that of the toilette, especially as he had but little time to devote to it, and much less means. Souls was his object; for souls he labored. His own personal appearance, and what people thought of it, troubled him but little. He could not come down from his high and holy work to devote much time to the one, or to notice the other, to his hindrance, in the pursuit of his object. To God be all the praise, that even under all such circumstances he was instrumental in "winning souls for Christ."

In his twenty-third year he was united in matrimony to a lady of the Eastern Shore, whose name is unknown to us. He was permitted to enjoy the holy sweets of such a state for only seven months. After a severe affliction, she was called to close up her earthly career, and thus was broken up the sweetest associations, and the prospect of a long and happy union with a beloved companion on earth dashed forever. Severe as this visitation of affliction was, and heavy as my father felt it to be, he nevertheless bowed before the chastening rod and acknowledged the hand of God in it. Doubtless it contributed to frustrate other purposes which would have necessarily followed in the train of a married life, and perhaps have hindered the development of a talent which the Divine Being intended to use for future usefulness, in a vastly more extended sphere. Such was the light in which he viewed it, and under it his chastened spirit was evidently prepared to yield to a

separation forever from his humble homestead, the kindred spirits with whom he had taken counsel in the church, and the more circumscribed field of labor of a local preacher. Selling what little he possessed of his own, and what was brought into his hands by the fulfilment of his first matrimonial engagement, he was furnished with sufficient means to equip himself comfortably, though not expensively, for an itinerant life, as a minister of Christ, for which calling the Great Head of the church had been gradually preparing him, and into which he was finally thrust, contrary as it was to his former purpose and inclination.

Whether his beloved mother was still living at this time, or whether she too had been called to unite with the spirits of the just made perfect, is not now known. I think, however, that before his departure from home, the whole of his immediate family was most probably dead, with the exception of one sister who was married to Mr. James Rue, of Easton, with whom she was permitted to live, until a few years prior to my father's death, when, after a painful illness, she also closed up her earthly career, leaving the subject of this memoir as the sole survivor of his family. I had the exalted privilege of being present at the last interview he ever had with this only remaining sister. Her extreme illness, and the prospect of her speedy dissolution, made it necessary for him, for some days at least, to lay aside the duties of the medical profession, in which at the time he was engaged in the city of Baltimore, in order to visit her. After spending some days with her, during which time he was privileged to preach on several occasions, to large assemblies, he was reluctantly compelled, by his pressing arrangements at home, to take his final leave of her he loved. A melting scene indeed it was; the mingling of their tears, and sympathies, for the last time upon earth, was touching in the extreme.

He thus gave the earlier part, and likewise the prime of his life, to the church of God. His history is identified with the rise and progress of Methodism in this country, and he was, when before the public, a man known and read of all men. After his location and settling in this city as a physician, he entered with all his soul into everything that was calculated to give permanency and stability to the church of his choice. He was long the tried friend of Bishop Asbury, who in turn loved him as a son in the Gospel, and was ready to use him any where and in every place where his known talents could be made available. For nine successive years in the New England States, and then in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Annapolis and elsewhere, did he labor strenuously to "build the house of God." Indeed his name was associated with the giant men of that day, everywhere he went, and he was considered to be equal with the best of them. Some in different parts of our country still live who knew him well, and speak of him in terms of the highest veneration. In this city, though most of those who were his colleagues in the

glorious work have like himself gone, to be no more seen of men, there still survive him a host of the younger ones who knew and greatly respected him. His name will long be remembered here, as one who stood firm in days which tried men's souls.

When in Philadelphia, he became acquainted with Dr. Rush, who entertained of him the highest opinion, as a man of talents, connected with deep piety. Through the instrumentality of Dr. Rush, he attended two courses of medical lectures whilst there, and would have taken the degree of M. D. had his relations to the church allowed of his remaining sufficiently long in the city. On coming to serve the church in Baltimore, the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland licensed him to practice physic. Though fully authorized to do so, he never availed himself of the authority thus given to practice medicine until he finally located and became permanently a resident of this city, which was at the Conference of 1806. The manner of his locating then, or what led to it, was somewhat peculiar and is not generally known. As was his custom, he attended Conference, having no intention of locating at that time until the day before its close. On this occasion he was seated at the table, when Bishop Asbury wrote him a short note, stating the great difficulty he had in stationing him, on account of the size of his family, and his unwillingness to place him anywhere that would jeopard in the least their comfort, and asked him what he could do under such circumstances. My father immediately replied that he did not wish in the slightest degree to embarrass the Bishop or trammel the work. That when the church was unable to support him, instead of remaining in the itinerancy to be in the way of others, he was willing to take a lower rank, and would ask a local relation to her. When the appointments were announced by the Bishop, his name appeared as having located, thus taking by surprise his numerous friends, who had not known before of the circumstances.

Thus thrown upon his own resources, he entered with ardor upon the pursuit of medicine for a support, and continued in its practice until the hour of his dissolution, which occurred in this city on Sabbath morning, the 2d day of December, 1827, in the 63d year of his age. He rose to the first rank of the physicians of his day in the city, and built up a large and extensive practice, though not a very lucrative one.

The picture we have was taken by our artist, Mr. Ruckle, from his vivid recollection of the man. He had not seen him for many years, and has furnished the memento of his recollection of what he was a number of years prior to his death. Certainly it is an excellent likeness of him as he appeared at that time, though not so striking of him at the time of his death. In an artistic point of view, it is beyond praise. His person is represented as being portly, and his features appear as those of a man of great benignity of character.

It is to be lamented that a likeness of him at the time of his death is not to be had. Such was his repugnance to anything of the kind, that if it had been thought of at the moment, it would have been useless to approach him on the subject. Being overwhelmed with the magnitude of our loss, it was entirely forgotten until too late to accomplish it. It is also a matter of most poignant regret that so little has been preserved of his history. He lived and labored at a time that tried men's souls, and for a great part of that time as the colleague and final successor of Jesse Lee, in the New England States. I have frequently heard him say that he learned to preach fluently whilst in New England. He was obliged to have his eyes open and his wits about him, from the beginning to the close of a sermon, lest some one in the assembly should rise and controvert what he said, before he had finished his discourse. This, at that early period of Methodism, they were wont to do. They were accustomed to attend his preaching more for the purpose of hearing what this babbler had to say touching the doctrines he promulgated, and how he would sustain them, than from any other motive. If he, perchance, misquoted a text of Scripture, they would immediately call him to account, or tell him there was no such passage. In many instances, having their bibles with them, they would ask him, when quoting a passage, where it was to be found. Sometimes this was apparently done to annoy and confound him. If he thought this was the intention at any time, he was sure to retort upon the individual most severely. Occasionally females would enter the lists against him, and boldly controvert the points he had asserted, as *damnable doctrines*. A single instance will be related to show what the stamina was of some of the individuals with whom he had to contend. A female followed him from appointment to appointment, and would generally take her seat in full view of him, with bible in hand, ready to catch him at an unguarded moment. On one occasion, being induced to speak boldly against the final perseverance of the saints, she was rather overwhelmed with his arguments, and told him what he was preaching was not true, and was no better than damnable doctrines. He for a moment looked steadily at her, and addressing himself to her, said, "Madam, will you be kind enough to tell me whether you believe David was in acceptance with God at the time he took Uriah's wife?" Her reply was, "Yes, I do believe it; being in the favor of God once, he did not by that offence forfeit it." He replied, "Madam, all I have to say to you is, if your principles are no better than your doctrines, if I was your husband I would not live with you another day." It was enough. She never troubled him again.

There was another likeness of him, taken from memory by the late John Medairy, engraver, of this city. It is more like the photographic pictures, a profile in fact; it does not show his features, although in the outline it is very much like him, and was extensively sold at the time.

Dr. Roberts was twice married. In a letter to the late Nicholas Snethen, he says : "I lived from my birth, to my first marriage, twenty-two years, eleven months and two days ; and I then enjoyed the advantages of a married life, seven months and five days. I then lived in a state of single life, or widowerhood, seven years and nine months. I have now lived in a second marriage, three years, four months and fifteen days. You may now judge how much experience I have had, to correspond with you on this subject." In a letter to Bishop Asbury and Whatcoat, written at the time of the great prevalence of yellow fever in Baltimore, he said : "If God in his providence and infinite wisdom, should see fit to call me away at this time, I shall leave behind me a helpless widow and two children ; they are my chief concern ; I therefore beg of you not to forget them while you live, and they are in want. I expect my wife will return to her father, and do the best she can. * * * * * Hitherto I have felt it my duty not to fly, and notwithstanding I feel religiously awful, I do not feel terrified. I know that if I fall in the path of duty, I shall fall safely. I, therefore, commit myself to the disposal of an all-wise God, and have given myself to visit all that send for me. In doing this, I feel the comforts of religion in my own soul, peace with God, and can adopt the language of the poet,

‘I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.’

I embraced religion the 29th of April, 1783, at the age of 17 years. I preached in the capacity of a local preacher four years. I set out to travel in the fall of 1789, and, by the help of God, I have continued on till now."

In another letter, written to Mr. Samuel Le Page, his father-in-law, at the same time, and dated September, 1800, he says : "As I wish to leave nothing undone that ought to be done, and as it is one essential duty to provide for my wife and children, in case I should be snatched away from them, and as I have not an estate to leave them, I can do nothing better than commend them to a good God, and the friends of the widow and the fatherless. I know of none that I could commend them to better than to you. * * * My love to you, and my confidence in you is such that I could put my life in your hands. Therefore, I commend *them* to you who are as near to me as life."

He was united in marriage, the last time, to Miss Susannah Morel Le Page, the youngest child of Mr. Samuel Le Page, of the city of New York. His widow still survives him, and, if God should spare her life until the 26th of April next, will be 84 years of age, having been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 72 years. Her recollection of things that early transpired in the history of Methodism, and of

those men who were giants in that day, is still most vivid. She often speaks of them as if they existed only a few months ago. Mr. Le Page emigrated to this country from the Isle of Guernsey, of which he was a native. He died in this city at the house of my father, with whom he lived, on the 13th of July, 1825, in great peace. The remains of this venerable man now sleep in Mount Olivet Cemetery, next to those of my father, and only a few feet from the grave of Bishop Asbury. Thus, the sequel proved that he lived to minister to the necessities of Mr. Le Page, in the last days of his life, and after death gave him honorable sepulture beside the spot where he himself and his wife were to lie. A spot where, if he had had his choice, he would have most desired to lie. The last years of his life were spent in Baltimore, where he lived in the enjoyment of all the privileges of that church of which he had been for many years a worthy and useful member. Thus did this man of God make every preparation for his own death, if He, in His inscrutable wisdom, should remove him hence, and then, with a firm faith in Him, gave himself up fully to his work, at that time one of great peril. The alarm was so general that frequently he is said to have opened, and lighted up, and then closed the church, after preaching in it, there being no one else to do it. He, and I believe another clergyman, were all that remained in the city at their post. Night and day were they called on to minister to the necessities of the sick and dying. He, at this time, first projected that useful institution, the Male Free School of Baltimore, in order to provide, as far as possible, instruction for those who had been deprived of their only earthly prop by the epidemic. It pleased the great disposer of events to suffer him to pass through that fiery ordeal unhurt, to lead still longer a life of twenty-seven years of unparalleled usefulness, and then to wind up his earthly career by a death more sublime and more triumphant than had ever occurred in Baltimore, either before or since. For several days prior to his dissolution, one continual strain of the most exalted exultation that can possibly be imagined fell from his dying lips. Several large sheets of paper were filled with his thrilling remarks, and many more might have been taken down had circumstances permitted.

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

A few of the numerous strains of exultation that fell from him in the last moments of his life are subjoined:

“My dear Brother C * * * be faithful to God. Do not let your little bickerings and mistaken notions lead you from the church and from God. Oh! be faithful and meet me in heaven. Give my tender respects to your excellent wife. Tell her to meet me in heaven.” To his son he said, “My dear George, be kind and tender to your mother; she has been a tender mother to you; love and take care of your brothers and sisters. Head of the

church, be head of my family. I have served the church the best in my power, and when I am gone I hope they will remember and befriend my family." To Miss Ferguson he said, "My dear Harriet, seek religion, remember your Creator in the days of your youth." [Other remarks not remembered.] He exhorted Capt. Ferguson and all his family to meet him in heaven. To Dr. Baer, "My dear Dr., I owe you a great debt for your attention to me, and were I not to entreat you to choose religion, I should die in your debt. Oh! meet me in heaven. Give my tenderest respects to your dear wife." [Subsequently the Dr. embraced religion, united with the Presbyterian church, and finally died in the faith.] To Hester, the servant, he said, "Oh! conquer your violent temper, and be holy, or you never can enter heaven." To her husband, "Leads, you have forsaken Christ, you have backsliden from religion; oh, seek it again or you never can be happy." For the church he expressed the greatest interest, praying for her protection and safety. He several times expressed a great desire that Dr. J—— and other reformers would visit him, stating that he wished to warn them with his dying breath, and also to tell them how he felt. At one time he exclaimed, "Oh! Lord, fence about Zion, and save her from the innovations of those who wish to make inroads upon her. Oh! that our dear mistaken brethren would see their error before they are the means of ruining her, (the church,) and leading some of her members down to perdition. They have lacerated the breast of their mother; they have committed the worst of sins; they have turned their back upon her; oh! that they could see that they are wounding the breast of their mother, who has taken them and made them all they are." At the conclusion of almost every sentence he would exclaim, "Victory!" At one time, "Victory! victory! thou Lamb of God; thou friend of sinners. Glory and honor to His everlasting name. Victory! victory! victory through Jesus Christ! Oh! Saviour, how good thou art! Head of the church, be head to family. Victory! victory! my children be faithful to God—weep not for me—meet me in heaven." His son said to him at this time, "My dear father do not talk so much; you will exhaust yourself." He answered, "Talk, talk, who can help it in so good a cause? Open the gates of heaven, thou precious Saviour!" One said, "You will have a long eternity." He said, "Oh, eternity! it is too short to utter all His praise. Victory! victory! shout victory all ye heavenly throng. Support my wife and children. Oh! that the church of God may triumph over all her enemies; oh! that infidels, scoffers at Christ, knew that they were setting at naught their mercies. Precious Jesus! Oh! that they knew they are wounding their mother." His son again asked him to compose himself and try to sleep. He answered, "Sleep, my dear son, sleep; I shall soon sleep in Jesus; I am not discomposed.

'His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice.'

Blessed be His name! Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly! open the gates of heaven and let in another trophy of Thy blood."

He exhorted a very dear and intimate friend, whom he thought held with Elias Hicks' heterodox opinions, to seek religion; its life and power in the heart, and much more not remembered. He exclaimed, "Sadly mistaken is Mr. Hicks in his opinions; he will find it so, and all his followers. If Jesus did not die a vicarious death, wretched and lost forever would man be. There is no other way—no other name given, whereby lost man can get to heaven. Precious Saviour! who would not give his whole heart to Thee! This is my dying testimony. Oh, that all the world could hear it, particularly those who deny the vicarious sufferings of the Son of God. Religion is not a cunningly devised fable—the formation of priests and priestcraft. No, it is a divine reality; I feel it to be such." Again he addressed his friend, "My dear Mr. M., you have neglected a great and important duty—family prayer; let it be so no longer; raise an altar in your family; your wife will join you. What an account you will have to give to God for the manner in which you bring up your children. Had it not been for you they would have slept in eternal silence; therefore, fear not the scoffs of the world—what they say; pray with and for your family. Give my dying love to your excellent wife. The Lord bless you for your kindness to me and mine. Victory! victory! O victory through the blood of the Lamb! Let that be the remembrance between you and I. Victory! victory."

There were several in the room who were fond of the fashionable amusements of the day; to them he said, "How different the end of those who are the votaries of balls and theatres, to those who are the votaries of the cross of Christ. The one leads to fire and pain; the other to happiness and heaven. Glory be to God!" To the Misses T—— he said, "My dear beloved children, I am rejoiced to see you here even now, that I may repeat to you in this so solemn hour the admonitions I have so many times heretofore offered you, in compliance with the request of your dying mother. That mother, who is now a saint in heaven, in her last moments requested me to look to her bereaved children, and counsel them to walk in the way they should go; and oh! my well beloved girls, that lies not in the path where is found the ball-room, the revel and the theatre. No, no, these are the entertainments that are offered in the highway to everlasting destruction. Leave them!

oh, leave them ! and seek that wisdom whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are paths of peace. It is in possession of the religion of the lowly Jesus that you will find comfort and strength and peace in life, and in death be able to shout victory ! victory ! victory through the blood of Christ. Be kind to your honored father, and dutiful to your excellent step-mother, who God has seen fit, in wisdom, to place over you. Don't forget the great debt of gratitude you owe to your good aunt, who has been to you so strong a friend. And when your blessed mother inquires for her dear offspring, what shall I reply ? Shall I tell her you are in the broad road to ruin, or shall I say you have resolved to flee the wrath to come ?”

“My dear Mr. B——, I am glad you have given me this opportunity to deliver you a message from God. The words you now hear are pronounced by the lips of a dying man. Oh ! lay my admonition to heart—that heart where I fear unbelief has found but too strong a hold. Give place in your mind to my counsel—that mind that has too often received the impressions of vice. Listen to me, my dear Mr. B——, and God grant that my prayers for you may be heard in heaven, where my ransomed spirit, released from this burden of afflicted clay, will soon be shouting hallelujah to the Lamb forever ! that heaven that you can never enter but through faith in the blood of Christ. You must be a dutiful son, you must be an affectionate brother, you must be a kind neighbor ; but more than all this, you must be a Christian in deed and in truth—in whom there is no guile—or you never can enter that heaven where your departed father now rests. The path of iniquity looks temptingly smooth, but oh ! its most apparent delights are fraught with danger, destruction and death. Look around you ; what has not the blessed gospel of the Redeemer done for thousands ? It has reformed drunkards, made good men of infidels, and, if this conveys not sufficient proof, look here, to the death-bed of one who has been striving to serve God. What, oh ! what could support me now but faith in the merit of Christ Jesus, my Lord, and cause me in this conflict to shout victory ! victory ! victory ! glory be to God ! Tell all my friends I am gone to rest with Jesus. My dear friends, you render me your services kindly and with the best intentions, but what its effect ? Why it keeps me the longer from the bosom of Abraham ; a little longer, and I shall forever be at rest.”

His daughter Rachel asked him if he was cold. He replied, “Cold, no ; who could be cold with the love of God burning on the altar of his heart ?” He refused to take a little wine and water, saying, “George, my son, I have my lips wet with wine from my Father's table, and bread to eat that the world knows not of.” When offered some soup, he said to Miss Thomas, “My child, I have bread the world knows not of ; I have bread and water from heaven.” At another time he said, “I feel my tongue touched with hallowed

fire. If every hair of my head were a tongue, I would employ them all in telling what I feel." At another time, "Oh! that I had a thousand tongues, my dear Dr. Handy, I would use them all in telling the wonders of redeeming love. The religion of Christ is a great reality, and in this hour of trial I find it to strengthen my soul, and enable me to rejoice, even in the mighty conflict." "My dear Mrs. Turner, it is too late now for me to say all that I wish, but I pray God to bless you; and oh! be entreated by me to rear your little ones in the fear of the Lord. The religion of Christ will be their only safeguard through life and their support in death."

To Dr. Pue he said, "Oh! don't reject Christ who has done so great things for you. Festus thought much learning had made Paul mad, and I have sometimes thought you suspected religion made me a fanatic; if this be enthusiasm, fanaticism, Oh! that all the world may be fanatics, such as I now am in the hour of my departure. Make a trial my dear friend, it is my dying request; make a trial of the power and will of Christ to save a sinner like yourself. You are a kind friend to me and mine, I owe you a debt of gratitude, and the only means I have of paying it is with my dying prayer. If you will not try it, I have a request to make of your excellent son, Charles, tell him to be faithful until death, and meet me in heaven." When Bro. Waugh entered the room, the moment he saw him he extended his hands, saying, "Victory! victory! victory! Bro. Waugh, Oh! be faithful! Fence about the church with her doctrine and discipline, 'build up her waste places, enlarge her borders, strengthen her stakes,' and in the performance of these duties you will be comforted, and in the end God will make it the crown of your rejoicing. Victory! victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb." When Bro. Armstrong came in he said, "My dear Bro. Armstrong, I recognize you, even in the moment of death. Oh! the favor, the unspeakable favor, to have my understanding unimpaired in this time of trial. I have often prayed to God to spare my faculties when my eyes were closing on earthly things, and glory! glory to His name! I now prove him to be a prayer answering God. Bro. Armstrong, never neglect your Sabbath Schools. You have there an opportunity of training up many sons and daughters to the support of the religion of Christ, and claim the inheritance of life everlasting, and then God will reward you when he comes to make up his jewels." Dr. Baer said to him, "Doctor, your sufferings are almost ended." He answered with a brightening countenance, "Yes, glory to God, that is a consolation. Oh! my friends, God will cut short his work in righteousness, and take his servant home to heaven." When Dr. McDowell asked him how he was, he said, "Doctor, you ask for my mortal welfare, of that I say nothing, but I can tell you, 'the best of all is, God is with me.'" (Wesley's last words.) "Oh! what would I be without the religion of Christ. Glory to God in the

highest! he is all truth and mercy." One asked him if his position was comfortable in the bed, he answered, "there is no comfortable place for me this side of heaven."

Dr. Baer said, "You suffer a great deal." He replied,

"O, what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet."

Bro. Russell said, "I hope the Lord will spare you a little longer to your family and the church." He replied, "No, Bro. Russell, I have known you many years—we have had many happy moments together; but we must now part. If you are faithful a little longer, we shall meet again. You have had many troubles, but the Lord has more than paid you. He is not in your debt. I am going but a little before you. I shall meet your companions there. My work is now done. I have been doing the will of God for forty years; I am now called to suffer it. I shall soon get home. Jesus is present—Jesus is precious! In my visions I thought I saw heaven, and for your comfort, I tell you, I saw you there. Yes, and Col. Berry, Dr. Baer, and my dear Nancy, and Rachel and George. Cleave to the church; she has done much for you and me; she has been a nursing mother to us." He often said,

"I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear."

At one time he called his son George and said, "My dear George, give my dying love to my classes. Tell them I find religion is not a cunningly devised fable. Tell them to be faithful and they will find it so, and find, with me, that

'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.'"

To two persons, who frequented the theatre and ball-room, he said, "My dear friends, if you don't quit it you will never get to heaven; they will lead you down to hell." To his daughter-in-law, he said, "My dear Eliza, if you die as you are you cannot enter heaven; give your heart to God; go home to your closet; get your bible, and that will lead you to heaven. It may be the means of bringing in your parents, and brothers, and sisters, and it will enable you to bring up your children properly." To the servant he said, "Louisa, remember Christ; He shed as much blood for you as for me, and if you do not lead a different life—quit lying and running about—you will never get to heaven." One or two days before his death he underwent a great conflict. Satan tempted him to believe religion was a delusion. This conflict was very severe; in speaking of it, he would exclaim, with great fervor,

‘And shall I therefore let Him go,
And to the tempter basely yield;
No! in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.’

Precious Jesus! Precious Saviour! Oh! how good the Lord is." Often he exclaimed,

"His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice."

At one time, he was asked if a barber should be sent to shave him. He repeated in answer the following lines:

"Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face
Be heavenly and divine."

One said to him, "Doctor, I consider it a great privilege to be with you." He answered, "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walk of

virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. But I am not worthy the appellation of a good man."

"My dear Dr. Shaue, I thank you for your kindness to me; I cannot repay you; but be faithful, and heaven will amply reward you. I shall soon be in heaven, and I expect to see your dear mother there; she died in the triumphs of faith. Be obedient to your honored father; walk in his footsteps; be faithful. I shall have a good account to give of you when I get there. Oh! meet me in heaven."

One of his feet being burned very much, Dr. Baer remarked, it would be very sore, and he would not be able to use it for some time. He replied, "Doctor, I shall not need them long; I shall soon get to heaven, where I shall have a new pair." To Dr. Baker he said, "My dear Dr. Baker, I shall soon get home. I shall there see your dear wife, and our good friend Bro. Dickens; what a meeting we shall have." He several times exclaimed, "I shall soon meet my dear Amelia in heaven, who met with a watery grave. [She died at sea the 2d of August, 1827, on her passage home to see her father, just four months before he entered his rest. He died December 2d, 1827.] And shall I know her? Yes, oh! yes; she will rise again, and I shall see her and know her." Some time before he expired, when he had just recovered from a very severe paroxysm, he said, "Precious Saviour!" and shortly after, when speech was failing, he waved his hand and attempted to say, victory! A very short time before he expired, he put out his hand and shook heartily the hands of those around him. Indeed, it was astonishing, as his paroxysms grew more frequent and severe, his mind was more concentrated and vigorous. The scene can never be properly depicted, because it will want the manner, the circumstances, the peculiar emphasis and holy unction, that attended his expressions. Like the painting of a cataract, it will want the sound to make it perfect. It can only be properly appreciated by those who saw and heard his exhortations.

About midnight, his son said to him, "My dear father, do not speak so loud, but whisper." He answered, "Whisper! whisper! my dear George; let angels and arch-angels whisper; but had I the voice of seven thunders, I would awaken all the citizens of Baltimore; yea, all the world, and tell them the joys of redeeming love." His last conflict with Satan was very severe. He often, during that time, said that Satan disputed every inch of the ground, and tempted him to believe all was a delusion; and, as often repeated with emphatic energy—

"But shall I therefore let Him go,

And basely to the tempter yield?

No! in the strength of Jesus, no!

I never will give up my shield."

After he obtained the victory in this conflict, he frequently said, "That was a great and powerful conflict, but the Lord has given me the victory. Oh! how good the Lord is to me! Precious Jesus! Precious Saviour!" He remarked to Col. Berry, "We have spent many a happy hour together, and I hope we shall soon meet in heaven, where we shall spend a happy eternity."

At one time he observed to his son, "Oh! what a dreadful conflict this is. I am almost worn out for want of sleep, yet I am afraid to close my eyes for fear of a paroxysm. Take hold of my hand and watch me while I try to sleep." And after about half an hour's sleep, he awoke and said, "Oh! my dear Dr., what a great pleasure it is to feel clearly our path to heaven in the trying hour of death." On his son George asking him if he should bring a light in the room, he replied, "A light! a light! my son; this room is full of light! A light! a light! we don't want any more light; the room is filled with light of heavenly brightness!" Frequently did he exclaim,—

"Oh! glorious hope of perfect love,

It lifts me up to things above;

It bears on eagles' wing.

It gives my ravished soul to taste,

And makes me for some moments feast,

With Jesus, Priest and King."



T. C. Ruckle

MR. ALEXANDER WARFIELD'S OLD HOUSE

Lith by A. Hoen & Co. Balto.

Alexander Warfield's Old House.

'Twas here believers loved to come
 Their joys and griefs alike to share,
Helping the strong, the weaker ones,
 Each others cross to bear.

Oft conversing, here they sat,
 Ere they parted knelt in prayer ;
Pure and blest devotion that,
 Earnest Christians breathed it there.

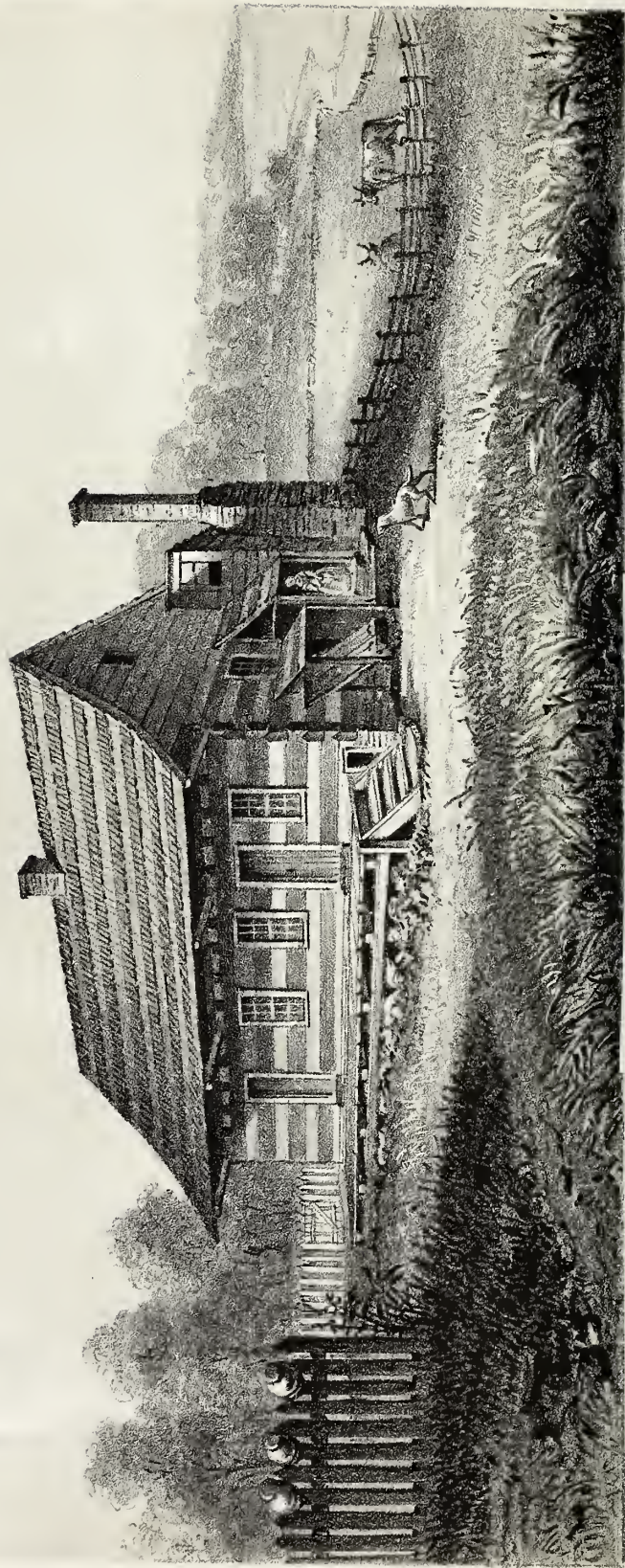
They rest now in the better land,
The little faithful praying band,
Who 'neath this humble roof once came,
Asking for blessings in Christ's name.

Alexander Warfield's House.

THIS venerable dwelling is now in possession of Mr. Joshua Warfield, the son of Alexander Warfield. It has more latterly undergone some improvements, and has had some additions built to it by those who have come into the possession of it. Mr. Alexander Warfield, its original proprietor, opened it in the early days of Methodism, as a preaching place. After he was made Steward in 1801, it appears on the records as a place for regular public service, and it was continued as such for upwards of twenty years, until what was called the Old Bethel Church was built, which was dedicated to the service of Almighty God by the Rev. Alfred Griffith.

Mr. W—— was twice married; the first time, to Miss Elizabeth Woodward, on Dec. 30, 1788. By her he had four children. He remained a widower for some time after her decease, and then married Miss Jemima Drury, on the 16th of March, 1797. Bishop Asbury was accustomed to visit him, and preach at his house frequently. The last visit he ever made to this hallowed spot was in 1816, about two years prior to his death. On this occasion, he put his arms around young Joshua, and besought him to seek religion, and to resolve to become good. Such was the custom of this venerable servant of God. The children, wherever he went, called forth his earnest attention, and now he has gone to his rest, and they are grown up, these attentions are remembered by them with deep and abiding interest. Such was his love for them, that in his last will and testament he directs his executors to purchase bibles, and bestow them upon those he could find, who bore his name. This was scrupulously attended to by the venerable Father (Henry) Boehm. One of these ancient bibles has come into the possession of the Methodist Historical Society, and is religiously preserved by them. The proprietors of this house, to the present time, talk over those days, and the visits made by the sainted Asbury, rejoicing that his hands were ever laid upon them, and they were ever made the subject of his apostolic prayers and benedictions.

Many interesting circumstances might be adduced to show the part this place bore in the early spread of Methodism in Maryland, but we forbear.



T. C. Ruckle

JOHN EVANS' HOUSE.

Lith. by A. Horn & Co. Balto

Mr. Evans' Old House.

"In the cottage were his children born,
Long his happy home—that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat and corn,
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling,
There they heard of wisdom's pleasant ways—
Bless the holy lesson! but ah! never
Shall be heard again their songs of praise
From those voices, silent now forever."

John Evans' House.

THIS is a venerable house, located some two miles and a half from the spot where Strawbridge's log meeting house stood. It originally belonged to John Evans, who was one of Strawbridge's converts. He received his first religious impression from a conversation held with him by Mrs. Strawbridge, at her table. Young Evans and several others had gone over to secure Mr. Strawbridge's crop for him, while he was out from home preaching the everlasting gospel. Mrs. Strawbridge seized upon this moment to speak to them of their soul's interest for time and eternity. Such was the spirit and habits of even the women, in those primitive days of Methodism, that no opportunity of speaking for Christ was suffered to pass unimproved. After Mr. Evans embraced religion, he opened his house for preaching, which was continued there, as appears from the old record book, as late as 1809. How mighty the results, finally, of that simple conversation held at the table, which ended in the conversion of this young man. A habit it would be well for the Methodists of the present day to follow scrupulously. A word solemnly spoken often terminates in the conversion of the soul. In the morning we should sow, and in the evening, for we know not which shall prosper. At this time, Mr. Evans and his wife being old, and very infirm, the preaching was removed to Mr. Benj. Bennett's, two miles and a half south of it. Mr. Evans, and the class at his house, was finally removed to Mr. Bennett's. When Mr. B—— died, John Evans, David Evans, (his son,) and his wife, his son Samuel, his daughter Eliza, (the children of David,) Lloyd Bennett and wife, and Mrs. Porter, all moved their membership to Bethel Church. A few years after, John Evans was taken to his reward in heaven. Mr. Joshua Warfield says of him, that he often met with him in class; that he supposed him to be upwards of ninety years old, with hair as white as snow; he also wore a white bandage over one of his eyes.

The house he built, which was the scene of so many victories, and where he lived and died, is still standing. It was built of unhewn logs. It is one-and-a-half stories high, with a shed-room on the west side, and is very comfortable. At the death of Mr. John Evans, it fell into the hands of his son David, and, at his death, into those of his son, Mr. Samuel Evans.

How thrilling it is, at this time, to walk about these ancient dwelling places of the dead, to converse freely with their present proprietors, and learn these interesting facts from their lips; to speak of their kindred, and of the part they bore in establishing Methodism.

They call up those times, to those who now live and who feel an interest in them, with a vividness that

"No thought can reach,
No tongue declare."

Long may they remain as heir-looms to their possessors, and long may they be visited by Methodist pilgrims in coming years. At these shrines, sacred to the memory of past seasons in our history as a people, may Methodists turn aside from the dusty footprints of time to come, to re-consecrate themselves to God at the altars their fathers builded. Here, too, may they learn not lightly to esteem the cause they have espoused, but resolve to live and die in promoting its interests.



